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VOL. XXX No. 31 AUGUST 2, 1947 FIFTEEN CENTS

Olga Lengyel and David Rousset. *(See page 9)*

Bystanders Are Not Innocent

By NORMAN COUSINS

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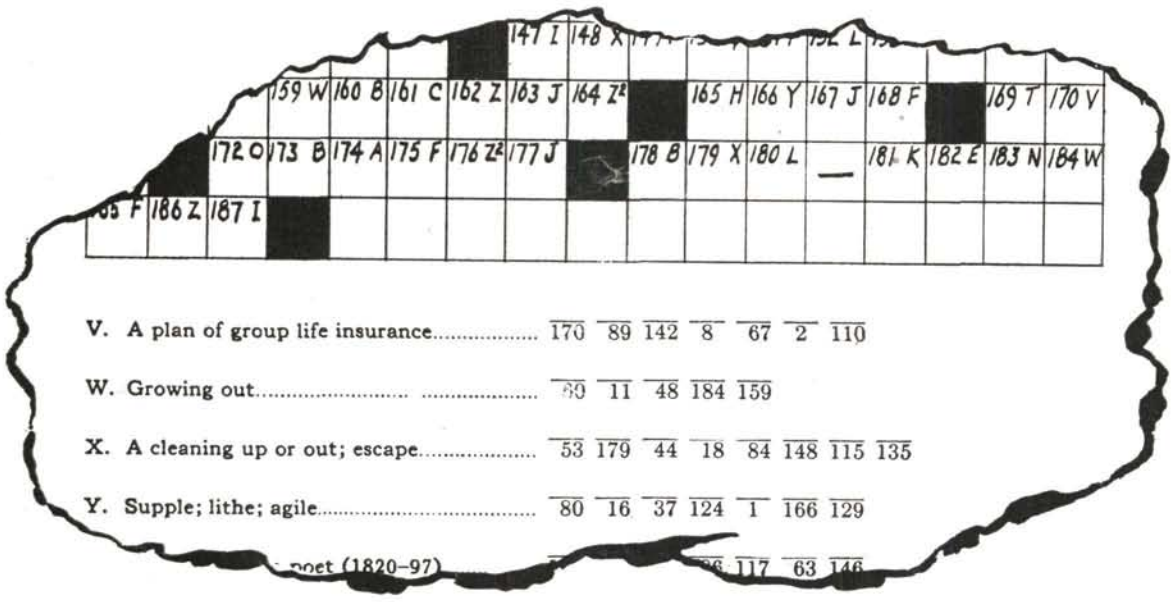

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August 2, 1947

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Arthur Bodenheimer, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXX, No. 31. August 2, 1947. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1947, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

Reinhold Niebuhr *says:*

REPORT ON THE GERMANS

by W. L. White

"is very good reporting indeed. This is a report by one who was not too enthusiastic about Mr. White's REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS, despite some ideological affinities with him absent in most of his critics. This lack of enthusiasm for the previous volume is mentioned merely to give greater force to the praise which must be accorded the present one. Its virtue seems to lie in Mr. White's ability to relate very personal accounts of what Germans think and say with an admirable general survey of the total situation.

"The value of the personal accounts lies in the fact that with a minimum of generalization we are allowed to see the German tragedy through the different reactions of various types of persons to it. Not only are the personal accounts interesting in themselves, but pieced together they bring out almost every aspect of the bottomless evil, the confusion of good and evil, the confusion which led to evil, and the feckless virtue which were compounded in the Germany tragedy. The report is thus a most valuable antidote to all the illegitimate generalizations with which most people, including most reporters, seek to comprehend complex historical reality." —THE NATION

By the author of

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
REPORT ON THE RUSSIANS

Buy REPORT ON THE GERMANS *at your bookstore. $3.00*

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

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TRADE Winds

SCRATCH THE SURFACE of a non-fiction book this year, and it's an even money bet that you'll come up with something about the Russian situation. The authors, all obviously qualified, include Americans who wish they lived in Moscow, Russians who thank heaven they got out, reporters who spent years in the shadow of the Kremlin, tourists who spent minutes in a sight-seeing bus in Leningrad, diplomats, generals, Volga boatmen, vulgar hacks, and at least one honest artisan who admitted, "Vermont is the place I really understand, but who wants another book about Vermont at a time like this?" In short, everybody wants to get into the act—with the possible exception of the customers, who seem tired of planking down five dollars for an inside story of "Soviet *machinations*" that like as not contradicts everything last week's authority cited as gospel. When one publisher, intent upon demonstrating that his special entry was the Real McMolotov, began, "Lay all your books about Russia end to end . . . ," Joe Margolies, head buyer of Brentano's, answered grimly, "We may have to." . . .

PUTNAM'S ANNOUNCES for the end of this month a Chinese novel called "Mountain Village," by Chu-chan Yeh. Oh, Yeh? . . . Carson McCullers's most recent novel, "The Member of the Wedding," has been made into a play, and will be produced next season by the Theatre Guild. The last time my wife and I visited Miss McCullers, she was sharing a gloomy brownstone house in Brooklyn Heights with Wystan Auden and an editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. The only furniture in the drawing room was a pile of rolled-up Turkish rugs, roped at both ends. The other visitors were an unidentified young man who neither spoke nor removed his winter overcoat, Bob Linscott, and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, who was painting the wall a vivid orange. The editor from *Harper's Bazaar* had a pet monkey who broke up a spirited literary discussion by biting Miss Lee on her left flank as she bent over to dip her brush in the can of paint. Miss Lee screamed, Mr. Auden was reminded of a limerick, and Miss McCullers whispered, "Leave us be getting the hell out of here." We beat her to the door by six steps. . . . Helen Bullard overheard the following conversation, in an Atlanta book department, between an ex-GI and a haughty clerk:

"Have you a copy of 'Memoirs of Hecate County'?"

"Sorry, but those WPA Guide Books were sold out long ago."

"This is no guide book. It's a novel."

"Pardon me, but I *worked* on the Writers' Project. I ought to know."

"But there isn't any Hecate County in Georgia."

"My dear young man, there are *159* counties in Georgia. Even *I* do not know the names of all of them."

He settled for a copy of *Newsweek*.

EVELYN WAUGH'S recent visit to Hollywood was unique in many respects. His expenses were paid in full as a pure gamble by MGM, who wanted to film his "Brideshead Revisited," but felt that basic changes in the story were essential. Waugh listened stolidly to their pleas, flatly refused to allow the changes, and the whole project went up in smoke. A critic called him "the most self-assured and unmovable Briton who ever visited California." Waugh himself relates, however, that one man succeeded in destroying his self-assurance entirely—and that man was Benito Mussolini.

Homeward bound from reporting the invasion of Ethiopia (for details see his novel "Scoop"), Waugh paused in Rome in hopes of securing an audience with the Pope. "Only Mussolini can get you one at a time like this," he was told. The British Embassy persuaded Mussolini to receive him, and Waugh rehearsed in advance the precise speech he proposed to make, but the long walk to the dictator's desk, with his footsteps re-echoing on the marble floor, did him in. Mussolini, furthermore, gave him the "can't-you-see-I'm-signing-important-documents?" pantomime, before throwing down his quill and barking, "Well?" Waugh forgot every word he meant to say, and heard a voice that he recognized with some surprise as his own declare, "Sire, Ethiopia will never be conquered!" That concluded the interview. Waugh left for London the same evening.

MGM executives, apparently, used the wrong technique. . . .

IF THE ANTHOLOGY, "I Wish I'd Written That" (Whittlesey), can be taken as a criterion, E. B. White is the authors' favorite author. Compiler E. J. Woods asked thirty-three well-known writers to name the literary piece they would have liked to dash off themselves. Four of them had recourse to the works of Mr. White. Two votes each went to pieces by Rudyard Kipling, Francis Thompson, James Thurber, Sherwood Anderson, and Mark Twain. All in all, it was a result the anthologist scarcely could have expected. . . .

THE WIFE OF A publisher startled a literary gathering the other evening by declaring, "I read the most fas-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Down with the Bastille! Liberte! Egal'—'er—uh—How does the rest of that go again?"

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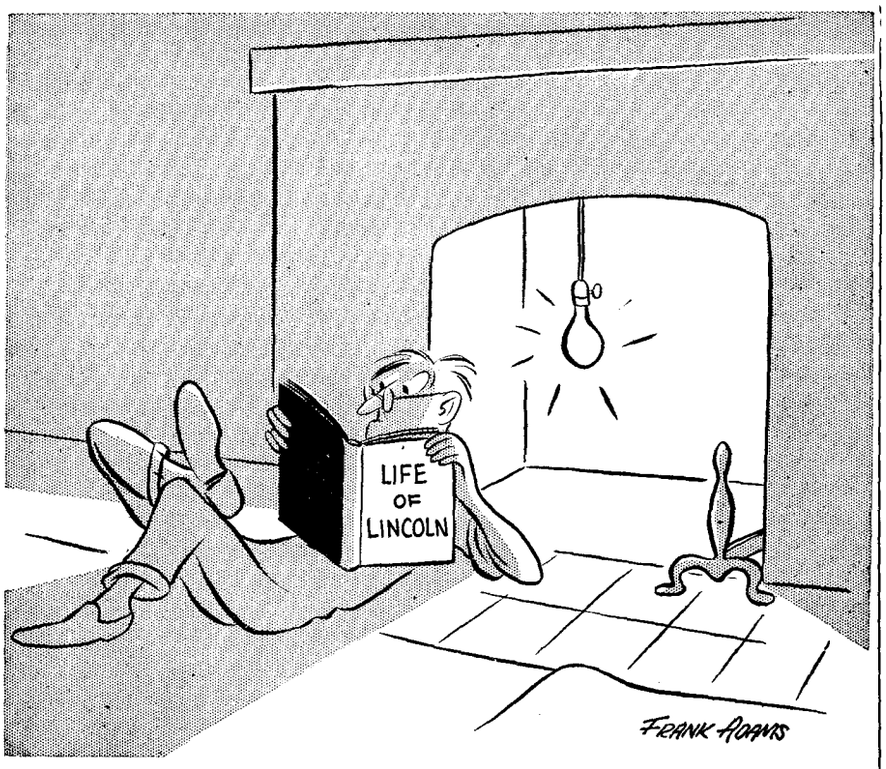

cinating book. It's about Somebody who stopped at Eboli but I can't seem to remember who." . . . Bobbs-Merrill have high hopes for Scott O'Dell's historical novel "Hill of the Hawk." O'Dell is the recently-appointed book editor of the *Los Angeles Daily News*. . . . The Campbells have come again—this time in a new and comprehensive history of the famous Scotch clan published by Dodd, Mead, and written, appropriately enough, by Glenn H. Campbell. The Dodd salesman who suggested the sub-title "From Plaids to Soups in Five Generations" is said to be seeking employment elsewhere. . . .

IN "THE CONDEMNED PLAYGROUND," Cyril Connolly, brilliant English commentator, has this to say about the writing and publishing of novels today:

> I would prefer to have a closed season: no new novels to be published for three years, their sale forbidden like that of plovers' eggs. And nobody under thirty should be allowed to write one—it is amusing to apply this age-canon and see how well it works out, how little would be lost to us. But above all, I should like to see an enormous extension of the censorship—not simply libel and obscenity would be taboo, but whole landscapes, whole strata of our civilization would become unmentionable. I particularly dislike those horrible bus-rides, when the stars are so close, and the young man treads on air . . . and picnics and going for walks, and conversations in pubs, and all novels dealing with more than one generation or with any period before 1918 or with brilliant impoverished children in rectories or with the following regions, which I understand are going to be preserved from novelists by the National Trust: The Isle of Wight, the Isle of Purbeck, Hampshire, Sussex, Oxford, Cambridge, the Essex coast, Wiltshire, Cornwall, Kensington, Chelsea, Hempstead, Hyde Park, and Hammersmith. Many situations should be forbidden: all getting and losing of jobs, proposals of marriage, reception of love-letters by either sex (especially if they are hugged closely and taken up to attics or the familiar seat in the apple tree), all allusion to illness or suicide (except insanity), all quotations, all mention of genius, promise, writing, painting, sculpting, art, poetry, and the phrases "I like your stuff," "What's his stuff like?," "Damned good," "Let me make you some coffee," all young men with ambition or young women with emotion, all remarks like "Darling, I've found the most wonderful cottage" (flat, castle), "Ask me any other time, dearest, only please—just this once—not now," "Love you—of course I love you" (don't love you)—and "It's not that, it's only that I feel so terribly tired." . . .

Mr. Connolly sounds a bit tired himself! . . .

AN UNOBSERVANT literary agent (one of the best in the country) has had his burdens eased for years by a faithful and all-knowing secretary. Her marriage last fall inconvenienced him for only a few days, but recently she had to tell him, "I'm afraid I'll have to leave on Friday. After all, my baby is due in August." The agent registered panic and incredulity. "Not *this* August!" he gasped.

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

ANYBODY knows that writers store things up in their minds often for years before they put them down on paper. So when THOMAS B. COSTAIN told me over a couple of fruitcups that he hadn't any detailed plan, but just went right at it, I put a grain of salt on my fruitcup.

"I have some idea of course of what I'm going to do, and in writing an historical novel, I have to do some preliminary research. But I have no detailed plan. I can't have, because things come up as I go along which I could not have foreseen, and a plan for me would be a waste of time. I just go right at it," he said, and went right at his fruitcup.

Well, it isn't as simple as it sounds. COSTAIN has been reading history for many years, and he happens to have a blotter mind for details. So these things that just "come up" got there and stayed there in a fabulous memory. Of course he has to do some preliminary research, chapters here and there in a few hundred books helped his memory out a little when it came to writing **The Moneyman;** medical histories, military histories, diaries, memoirs, things like that. After that he was ready to "just go right at it."

Like his other best-selling novels, **The Moneyman** is packed with unusual data, slivvers of information here and there on every page that form the threads of the tapestry he weaves; but not only slivvers, important matters such as the introduction of cannon in warfare, the beginnings of the big mercantile department store. It's things like these that show *not* that people and times do not change, but that they change in the same ways.

COSTAIN writes 50 to 70,000 words in a scramble all his own—he likes to have that much to give him a line on how the story is going before he revises. Revision for him is a field day; he loves it, following all sorts of hieroglyphics he has made in the margin which he can't read. Really, this business of writing an historical novel is a cinch. You try it.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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3 Years Old today

ONCE long ago, when we were beginning to learn the mysterious art of weaving words together on paper, a man by the name of Smith revealed to us the "secret" of the art. We did nothing about it then because we were lazy, and because we thought we knew an easier way. As the years pass, however, we realize more and more sadly that we could have saved a lot of time had we taken Smith's advice and done it the hard way. The fact is, writing skill, like all other skills, is very shy of strangers. One has to be constantly attentive to make any kind of impression. Smith said that the only way to learn to write was to *write* . . . millions of words . . . page after page after page, one at a time.

We are reminded of Smith by the startling news that this very page marks the end of the third year in this series. Three years without a break . . . fifty-two times a year . . . page after page after page . . . thousands and thousands of words . . . about the things that interested us and which, we hoped, would interest you. And now they are all in print, on the record, part of publishing history. And all we had to do was to write a page at a time . . . one page a week for three years.

Much has happened in those bewildering and frightening years . . . and as we reread the earlier pages in this series we are glad to see how much of life got caught up in, and was reflected by, the books we published in that time. But there was more to it than that . . . our S.R.L. pages moved rather casually across the literary hacienda; they did not restrict themselves to comment on the current books, and that was a good thing. Sometimes we dipped into history, into our files, or into our collective memories . . . and, no matter what we wrote about, there was always ample evidence that at least some of you were attentive. Those of you who wrote were a great comfort to us, and we are grateful. Such a sparkling stream of delightful letters! And they proved that S.R.L. readers are alert, informed, and terribly articulate.

For instance, when we talked of leaves falling in the *third* act of CYRANO DE BERGERAC, we learned to our embarrassed confusion, by return mail, and many times over, that the leaves actually fall in act *five*.

When we succumbed to an emergency (one of us having failed to come through with the promised page for that week) and threw into the breach a page we had set up and saved for just such an occasion—a page on a book called MENTAL HYGIENE—it happened that the textbook department had meanwhile used up all the available stock, and so there was none left when the page appeared and our readers began to order it. New maxim: there is no fury like a book buyer disappointed!

When a typographic gremlin changed London bus "clippies", who are ticket collectors, to "chippies", a far different species of female, a number of astonished readers teased us about it with zest and dispatch.

When we said that reading bestsellers to discover what makes them sell is like opening up the hen that laid the golden eggs, we received a barrage of hardboiled notes to the effect that hens don't lay golden eggs; didn't we mean a *goose?*

But these debits are offset to some extent by such good news items as the page on THE PRISONER OF ZENDA which sold it, almost overnight, to one of the 25¢ reprint houses. Then there was the page frankly captioned *A Publishing Failure* which gave a brisk new lease on sales to THE NEW SUN by Taro Yashima, and encouraged us to bring out his second book, HORIZON IS CALLING.

We have often been asked if these pages "do" anything. Frankly, they have done so much that it's difficult to arrive at totals. How does one add up a shaft of sunlight and some bars of music; how does one calculate a warm and friendly feeling in the heart and mind of a hundred thousand readers? These are the intangible profits which we cherish very dearly; but there are others. Sales have mysteriously risen after books have been discussed on these pages . . . this is especially and spectacularly true of old books which haven't sold nor been promoted in any way in years. Since we are all-too-human, we have taken sinful pride in the rumor that certain advertising agencies keep these pages on file as Examples. We were flattered, and surprised, when the editors of a textbook on essay writing asked permission to include two of our pages. ADVERTISING AND SELLING magazine, in its inimitable *Copy Clinic,* saluted our ad on KRAZY KAT. A hardboiled advertising man reported that our ad on CYCLES had intrigued him into buying the book, but that he wasn't sorry. Our favorite fan, however, is probably the scholarly gentleman (surely he must be that) who wrote us that he was becoming an S.R.L. subscriber in order to be sure of not missing any of these pages. Moreover, he pointed out, this was undoubtedly the first time a magazine had received a subscription for the sake of its ads.

Since that's the way it is, and since the letters prove that our readers are as kindly disposed towards us as we are towards them, we mean to go on in the way we have, making new friends if that's possible, certainly doing everything we can to hold on to our old friends.

We like to talk shop. It's good to know that there are others who feel about it as we do. Publishing, to us, is one of the most exciting and most satisfying of preoccupations. If we talk about it in a soft voice it's because only a whisper can be heard in a noisy room. So many books are shouted about. Let's talk quietly about the fine and important things we come across and perhaps the bellowing, blustering world will stop and listen.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Bystanders Are Not Innocent

NORMAN COUSINS

IN THE U.S. occupied zone of Germany recently, American authorities were pleasantly surprised to receive valuable de-Nazification assistance from a prominent German educator. His name was not mentioned in the reports—possibly because it was thought wise to shield him from suspicion of currying favor with occupation officials. Suppose we call him Professor Mueller.

It seems that Professor Mueller was chairman of a conference of leading educators called to make recommendations for meeting the No. 1 problem of the German school system: how to get rid of the lingering remnants of Nazi habits of thinking and teaching. Now the traditional German educational conference is as ponderous as it is inconclusive. Each individual reads his own paper aloud, the interminable droning going on for days, after which there is little or no cross-ventilation of ideas through discussion. The participants return to their respective universities to ponder the weighty contributions of their academic brethren. Finally, they convene again months later, each of them prepared to read another paper commenting on a paper read at a previous conference. Decisions are seldom if ever reached; that would be much too arbitrary and unscholarly.

Imagine, then, the stunned reaction of the German educators at this recent conference to the calm, direct opening announcement by Professor Mueller that the chair would rule out of order any paper that took more than ten minutes to read. Even before the effects of this academic torpedo were fully felt, Professor Mueller quickly released another: there would be a round-table discussion of all papers the following morning, with afternoon deadline for the final report of recommendations.

A murmer of astonishment instantly followed this announcement; the word "unprecedented!" was easily heard among the protests.

"You seem to forget, gentlemen," the chairman said, "that the very business of this conference is to break with the past. There is a direct relationship between indecision and lack of courage. Little wonder that our schools were so quickly and easily made part of the Nazi propaganda and breeding machine."

That was all that was needed by way of admonition. The conference went off on the chairman's schedule and the recommendations were turned over to the occupation authorities.

AN AMERICAN observer present at the conference afterward sought out Professor Mueller. "I liked the way you took hold of this thing and saw it through," he said. "It reminded me, in the one-two-three way the conference went off, of a quick-trigger American sales meeting."

"What I have done calls for no special credit," the Professor replied. "Anyone exposed to the experiences I had under Nazism would have been just as impatient to help bring about a more open and democratic way of looking at things and doing things."

After some prodding by the American, Professor Mueller explained that early in 1938 he was summoned with Mrs. Mueller to the local police station. There were forms to be filled out; someone had reported to the Nazi Party that Mrs. Mueller's grandmother was a half-Jew, which would make her one-eighth Jewish. If the Nazis could prove that there were other "guilty" fractions in the family background, however far removed, they might be able to add up enough of them to bring Mrs. Mueller and, because of the marriage relationship, the professor himself, within the anti-Semitic decrees.

"It was insane, this grotesque and incredible manhunt in arithmetic among the ancestral records. My wife was confronted with names four and five generations back—names she had never heard of before—and accused of concealing required information concerning their supposedly Jewish or part-Jewish origin.

"This went on for months; it became a ghoulish form of torture—answering questions about people who lived in the eighteenth or even seventeenth century—people about whom we had no knowledge whatever. It was wrecking my wife's health; I need not tell you how it affected my work at the university.

"Finally, however, the summonses stopped. We were notified that the official investigation had been suspended in our favor. I was told that my wife's status was satisfactory and that my own position at the university would not be affected by the inquiry.

"But that was far from the end of this hideous business. In many ways, what was to happen was far more horrible than the official investigation. Less than a week after we thought the nightmare was over, an unofficial investigation was resumed by the local Gestapo. They came, as was their custom, in the middle of the night, rapping on the door with the butt ends of their pistols. They were empowered, they said, to ask some questions which had been previously over-

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looked. For more than two hours we were prodded and abused before they left.

"Until the war began they would come back two or three nights a month. After Germany conquered France, there was little left at home for the Gestapo to do; virtually all the Jews had been sent away or killed. The Gestapo had to take it out on someone, and all the 'small-fraction cases' had to serve as the outlet for their perverted thirst for authority. For three or four nights each week we would be subjected to this monstrous torture. What fraction of a Jew are you if your great-great-great grandmother was a quarter-Jew? Do you or did you ever have any distant cousins in other countries? Can you guarantee their pure ancestry?

"Sometimes they would break in the doors and windows; frequently they would search the entire house pretending to look for hidden records but actually smiling to themselves as they emptied the contents of drawers upon the floor, or cleaned out our closets, or made us roll up the rugs, or cut open the mattresses and upholstery, or 'accidentally' spilled ink all over our papers.

"Yes, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that this was mild compared to the concentration camps and the gas chambers; and you are right. Our suffering was Utopian luxury alongside what happened to those who were taken away. But do not think that what we endured was not insidious torture: night after night without sleep, the suction of uncertainty, the daily strain. . . .

"When I arrived home from the university late one afternoon, I found my wife dead in the bathroom. I saw the razor and knew she had taken her own life. Nearby was a note telling me that the police had phoned, that they had finally determined 'officially' that she was quarter-Jewish and had instructed her to be ready to leave within fifteen minutes for a concentration camp. She always knew, she wrote, that she would want to do exactly this if ever the moment came. Besides, she could stand it no longer; she begged my forgiveness but was sure I would understand.

"After a while, I recovered my senses sufficiently to go to the phone. The police denied any knowledge of the notification; there was nothing to be done about the false call, they said, because there was no proof.

"I needed advice. I needed help. I needed someone who could help do the things that have to be done when someone close to you dies. I phoned the universities and spoke to my oldest and closest friends; they were all

weirdly taciturn. They were too busy; this thing or that. No one came. . . .

"After several hours, I phoned several undertakers, then gave it up when I realized that none wanted to have it known that he buried a woman one of whose ancestors might have been part Jewish. It might be too incriminating.

"The same was true of the cemetery people and everyone else I phoned.

"That night, shortly after midnight, I carried my wife to a quiet place outside the city, and buried her."

* * *

THE professor had finished his story, and the American observer understood. It would have been difficult not to understand. The professor was anxious not only to fumigate Nazism but to strike hard at the state of mind that made Nazism possible, for the "innocent bystander's" lack of courage and decisiveness was the lever that enabled the Nazis to move a nation and almost the world. The bystander pretended to see no evil and hear no evil when confronted with evil; and so he became evil's own champion.

It is now more than two years since Nazi Germany lost the war; and episodes such as these, it might be said, have historical value at best. Why, then, do I recount them here?

I suppose that the story of Professor Mueller, which was told to me two weeks ago by a prominent educator at an Ohio university, would never have been retold here were it not for something that I learned only last week at another great American university in the Midwest.

It was the morning after I gave a public lecture under the auspices of the university. I was having my breakfast in the coffee shop of a well-known hotel. A gentleman came over, introduced himself as a fellow Nutmegger from Connecticut who had been at the lecture the previous night. He was teaching and doing graduate work in a field that he knew had been my own special interest as well; namely, the direct relationship between the decay of Greek civilization and the failure of the Greek states to come together under principles of federation.

With so many points of mutuality, I was anxious to have him join me for breakfast. He spoke of the university and the faculty, for both of which he had the highest regard. I liked the basic humaneness of his general approach and attitude; I was impressed with his modesty and bearing and quiet scholarship.

After breakfast, one of the deans met me in the hotel lobby and escorted me over to the campus for the morning round-table. I told him of my conversation with my breakfast companion, and learned that the dean shared my high opinion of him.

The dean then told me that my companion had just returned from the hospital. He had been painfully injured some ten days earlier in the same coffee shop in which we had just had breakfast. It seems that about 9 p.m. on a week-day evening he had stopped in for a bite after working in the library. At a nearby table were several undergraduates. They began to pass remarks about Jews. Soon they were telling and laughing loudly at coarse jokes.

Then one of them pointed to the Greek scholar. "Look at him, he looks like a Jew!" he yelled.

"Of course he's a Jew," someone else said roughly. "I know all about him. He makes big dough teaching at that damned Hebrew school in town."

"Hey, Jew!" the third one taunted. "Whattaya doin' in a restaurant for white men? Git the hell out before we throw you out!"

The gentleman sat quietly, sipping his coffee, his attention fastened upon a book.

The jibes became increasingly abusive and vulgar. The gentleman got up to leave. An outstretched leg and a quick push sent him spinning to the floor. He was set upon by the undergraduates who punched and kicked him about the head and other parts of the body. There was blood on the hands and shoes of the undergraduates when they finally left, having decided, apparently, that it wasn't much fun beating up a body after it became inert.

* * *

BUT the purpose of these two episodes—about Professor Mueller and my breakfast companion—is not to draw a least common denominator of brutality, nor even to show that the body of Nazism is far from dead—even in America. The purpose is to

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identify an evil that is even worse—impossible though that may seem—than the evil of raw, unleashed cruelty. This is the evil dramatized so effectively in Laura Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement"—the evil of conscienceless gentility, the impassive bystander, the "respectable" citizen who looks the other way, the non-participant who plays it safe, the circumspect fool. Professor Mueller's "lifelong friends" were moral paralytics at whose trembling feet the real crime of Nazism can be laid; their colonic regions broke into a jaundiced and fluttering retreat when the Nazi brute first showed himself and when he could easily have been ground underfoot. Later, of course, the pattern of vicious prudence and servility were so well established that people dared not even help bury the innocent dead.

And if we are appalled at the ominous impotence and guilt of the bystander in Nazi Germany, what are we to say about those in America who are looking the other way today? In the case of my university friend, it wasn't that the bystanders were sympathetic with the tactics of the assailants; probably they deplored the beating and wished that it could somehow be halted—a wish almost as deep, no doubt, as the wish that they might not have been there to have been witnesses to it all. After all, they were the good folk; they contributed as generously as the next fellow when the plate was passed in Church; they were honest, upright souls; people had no right confronting them with violent situations which made it necessary for them to play it safe.

At least in Germany, there was no such tradition as free men enjoy in America. But while a man lay on a floor in a large hotel near the campus of one of the great liberal universities in America, the bystanders—and there were enough of them—found it expedient not to see what they saw. Today, the degenerate young hooligans remain unpunished—by police and college authorities both—though their identities can be easily ascertained. One hesitates to conclude that the university is itself a pussillanimous bystander, more concerned about avoiding unwelcome publicity than about justifying the liberal tradition with which it is so often associated.

* * *

IF THE two episodes described here seem completely lost in the prodigious groundswells that move the world today, at least they are not isolated; they are not unrelated to the most important single question in history: can we save the human race from itself? Whether the answer is world government, the regeneration of the heart of man, a biological mutation, or something that no one has yet thought of, one thing is certain. The answer—if there is an answer—can only rise out of the will of the people themselves. The world is suffering today from a bankruptcy of leadership. It would be folly to suppose that the high fulfillment of responsibility proceeds automatically from high positions of responsibility. Thus, for the individual American citizen, the question "What can I do?" must no longer be a helpless gesture and a rhetorical defense. What he can do must be limited only by his imagination and energy and conscience; and not by what he imagines to be inexorable tides as far beyond his reach as planetary motion. What the citizens of Norwalk, Connecticut, and Pelham, New York, did in organizing their communities behind the principle of world law, and what the citizens of Dunkirk, New York, did in mobilizing for mercy in their aid to Europe, are striking examples of individual action raised to a group level.

In any event, this is no time for bystanders. Those who persist in looking the other way in the presence of evil or necessity exempt themselves from nothing except membership in the human family.

This week marks the second anniversary of Hiroshima and the Atomic Age. Happy anniversary, everybody.

. . . And the Germans Jeered

FIVE CHIMNEYS. By Olga Lengyel. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1947. 213 *pp.* $3.

THE OTHER KINGDOM. By David Rousset. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1947. 173 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SAUL D. PADOVER

THESE two books are a rich addition to the most ghastly story of all time. They deal with the concentration camps and murder factories that the Germans set up for the systematic slaughter of Europe.

Both are personal stories, accounts of experiences which no human imagination could possibly invent, and they carry an impact like a physical blow. Readers nourished on saccharine should run from these books, but those who care about the future should read them and make others do the same.

Mrs. Lengyel's story is the more intensely personal of the two. She was the wife of a distinguished Rumanian surgeon, was herself trained in medicine, and the mother of two children. One day, without warning or cause, the Germans scooped up the Lengyels, as they did millions of other innocent Europeans, and sent them in a sealed cattle car to the extermination camp at Auschwitz. Ninety-six men, women, and children were boxed up in the death car for seven days, without food, water, or the most elementary facilities. The old and the weak died and the rest had to live with the corpses. The stench and the thirst made the trip an agony beyond description. On the rare occasion when the car was opened, German soldiers at the station jeered at them. "At no time," writes Mrs. Lengyel, "did I see the slightest manifestation of sympathy or compassion." I can corroborate that and so can millions of witnesses. All the liberated slaves—Poles, Frenchmen, Russians, Dutchmen, Danes—whom I interrogated in Germany repeated the same thing: almost never did the ordinary German show them any sympathy.

Few people have ever come out of Auschwitz. Mrs. Lengyel's parents were burned there, her two boys were burned there, her husband was shot by an SS man while kneeling down to help a sick Frenchman. Mrs. Lengyel alone survived, as an assistant in the infirmary, for a miraculous five years. Her one aim in continuing life after it had lost all meaning was to come out and tell the world what she saw with her own eyes. She writes her tale with terrible calm and detachment.

"Five Chimneys" refers to the crematoria which burned human bodies day and night, unceasingly, for Auschwitz was, next to Maidanek, the biggest murder factory in the German empire. Jews and children and old folk were given short shrift—they were automatically destined for the ovens. Others—people from all Europe, including some American prisoners of war—were put to grueling work, tortured, starved, diabolically broken, and then liquidated. Mrs. Lengyel describes the methods used by the German overseers to corrupt the inmates, the systematic starvation, the beatings, the ghastly prostitution, the horrible homosexuality—it is a picture of utter hell. Everything was done with system. Gold was extracted

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—*From "Remember," by Frans Masereel.*

from the victims' teeth, fat from their flesh, fertilizer from their bones. The hair was used for mattresses. It is a gruesome thought that today millions of Germans sleep on the hair of people they had murdered. The victims' clothing and shoes, carefully stored, were destined for the black market, for the enrichment of the SS and the Nazi bureaucracy. (In Maidanek, when the Russians liberated it, they found a storage room with around 900,000 pairs of baby shoes, neatly arranged.)

A "peculiar, sweetish odor" of burned flesh hung over Auschwitz-Birkenau. There were four vast ovens, each with thirty openings large enough for three bodies at a time. The production schedule was always in full operation, and worked with scientific precision. It took half an hour to burn a body. Every hour, therefore, the ovens consumed 720 bodies, or 17,280 every twenty-four-hour shift. In May 1944, 360,000 bodies were burned; in June, 512,000; in July, 442,000. This makes a rate of 5,256,000 a year. Auschwitz operated for about three or four years. Hence the ovens destroyed anywhere from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 men, women, and children. But the incinerators could not always cope with the piles of broken humanity. Mrs. Lengyel writes:

> Sometimes the ovens were so overtaxed that they could not do all the work even on the twenty-four-hour-a-day shift. The Germans then had to burn the corpses in the "death pits." These were trenches about sixty yards long and about four yards wide. They were provided with a cunning system of ditches to drain off the human fat.

Rousset's "The Other Kingdom" deals with Neuengamme, Wöbbelin, and Buchenwald (there were some 300 concentration camps in Germany). Compared to Auschwitz, Rousset's camps were beautiful summer resorts. But his book, too, has a nightmarish quality. He says that living in a concentration camp is "an experience that is impossible to transmit." His book is brief and has a kind of simple poetry. A sensitive French intellectual, Rousset tries to get behind the horror, attempts to find the meaning of what he calls the "concentrationary universe"—the most awful event in the history of the world. He writes analytically, with an elaborate thoughtfulness that is beyond irony and beyond passion.

> And always the whip, the blackjack and the boot. . . . Terror breaks the nerves so effectually that their agony encompasses every humiliation and every betrayal. And when, inexorably, the massive portals of the gas chambers close, the victims hurl themselves against them in such a mad stampede to live, that when they open once more, the wall of corpses, inextricably intertwined, spills in a cascade over the rails. . . .
>
> Between these extermination camps and "normal" camps, the difference is not one of nature but only of degree. Buchenwald had its hell. . . . Weeks without coming to the surface, sleeping eleven men on two straw mattresses, eating and sleeping in the tunnel beside the latrines. And hangings every evening, with the prisoners obliged to witness the slow executions in all their refinements. . . . At Neuengamme, the hangings took place in the court-yard, and for a long while the assembled prisoners were supposed to sing during the entire ceremony.

And again:

> Torture, permanently established as a natural condition of existence, breeds a much more potent fear. The camps, by the simple fact of their existence, set up in society a destructive nightmare, eternally present and accessible. Death fades away. Torture triumphant, always living and active, spreads like a vault above the cowed world of men. It is not simply a question of crushing or paralyzing an opposition. This weapon has a much greater scope of efficiency. The camps castrate free brains.

Rousset does not hate the Germans. He believes that what happened *to* the Germans (to have reduced large numbers of them to bestiality) could happen to any people under similar conditions. Race, he insists, has nothing to do with it and he is right. The decomposition of the German middle class, he says, destroyed the basis of German morality and in a crisis they became susceptible to utter savagery. Rousset argues that the crisis that destroyed the Germans was "inherent in the economic and social foundations of capitalism and imperialism," and he warns that similar conditions are present in "many other sectors of world society."

To a large extent one must agree with him. But there is more to it than a mere crisis of capitalism. The fact remains that other nations had also undergone a destruction of their middle class, and yet they did not become brutes and mass murderers. The fact is that the Germans *conceived* and *elaborated* a complex system of torture and annihilation, and that they did it not in passion or out of necessity. Why? I think that the answer lies in the national psychology, in the way children are brought up, in the class structure, in the hierarchical system. All those things preceded Nazi-fascism. Hitler simply sowed an already prepared soil. Today nothing is fundamentally changed in Germany. Young Germans are still brought up to obedience, to click their heels, to salute, to look up to their superiors (anything in uniform) and down upon inferiors (women, foreigners, the weak). So long as these patterns remain, the Germans will be potentially the most dangerous people on the face of the earth. Give them guns again, and they will make experiences like those told in "Five Chimneys" and "The Other Kingdom" seem like fairy tales by comparison. For today the frustration, bitterness, and stored-up hate in the Reich is far deeper than anything that existed before Hitler. If 30,000,000 men, women and children are not to have been murdered in vain, the Allies must remain in Germany for at least a whole generation and exert every effort to reeducate the young Germans and to raise a new generation of human beings.

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Six Weeks of the Bulge

DARK DECEMBER. By Robert E. Merriam. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Co. 1947. 234 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PERRY MILLER

SIX weeks of the Bulge in the eleven months of the Allied offensive were as six months of the Russian invasion in the twenty years of Napoleonic warfare, or as three days of Gettysburg in the four years of the Civil War. A titanic gamble was made; it might almost have won; and if it had—history would be another story. What really beats the gamble? Is the desperate throw doomed to fail in the very nature of things? Or is it beaten by superior generalship, materiel, quick thinking, or will power? Or is it something else, some imponderable cohesion that men, ordinary men and not just soldiers, achieve on the battlefield and ever afterwards seek for in vain amid the incoherence of peace? The question is as important for the philosopher as for the tactician, and for many thousands of Americans, few of whom were philosophers, it was posed with overwhelming immediacy on the morning of 16 December 1944.

To answer the question from an analysis of the Bulge is more than should be asked of a single, finite mortal. A well-placed staff officer might have grasped the over-all pattern of Gettysburg. By heroic researches, Leo Tolstoy found a design in 1812. But the Bulge was big, complicated, and nasty; too much went on simultaneously in too many places.

If it has been granted to anybody that he should comprehend the configurations of the Bulge, Mr. Merriam is that person, and furthermore he is endowed with the skill and economy to manage his gigantic theme. Attached to the 7th Armored Division, he saw the battle in one sector; then, as Chief of the Ardennes section of the Historical Division he had the help of a staff of researchers, and the chance to study all documents and to interview Allied and German commanders. His section prepared a five-volume report, out of which he has written this brief, if anything too brief, narrative. It is by all odds the best piece of combat history, so far, of the European Theatre of Operations.

Thanks to his privileged position, Mr. Merriam has been able to reconstruct the story of German preparations, which began as early as July. It fairly makes your hair rise. And furthermore, it brings you straight up against one element that definitely did *not* contribute to beating the gamble: the American G-2. On the shortcomings of this staff function, Mr. Merriam strives to be compassionate, but he lets a few quotations from Army, Group, and SHAEF Intelligence Summaries, dated November and early December, speak for themselves. Granted the Germans did a magnificent job of concealment—still the error on our part, as Mr. Merriam understates it, "was in evaluating the information we collected, rather than in gathering the material itself." An Intelligence Officer is supposed to be a professional evaluator. We may pardonably wonder if a physicist who evaluated phenomena in a similar rhetoric would long maintain his professional standing, or if a literary critic who so persistently found what he was predetermined to find, would not quickly lose his public.

As to what did beat the gamble, in the spheres of the other G's, Mr. Merriam tells us much that we need to know. His characterization of General Eisenhower's splitting the battlefield as a sound tactical move will, I believe, be the judgment of history, though among the trials inflicted upon the American forces in the darkest hours of that December, by no means the least was the knowledge that the First Army had come under the operational command of Field Marshal Montgomery. Mr. Merriam pays deserved tribute to the unspectacular efficiency of First Army Headquarters, and one must agree in great part with his strictures on the "Patton myth." Still, I think he slights the southern as against the northern flank, and I regret that he so compressed the story of the last three weeks. The fighting around Bastogne, after the 101st Airborne was withdrawn, was, as Mr. Merriam says, heavier than when the town had been surrounded, and is worth more than a few sentences.

But to come back to the question, one thing Mr. Merriam's account does make clear: after 16 December, command decisions on the higher echelons were few, obvious, and inescapable. What had to be done was all there was to do. But there is "the undisputed fact that once the surprise was over, our reaction was magnificent." It was this "reaction" that beat the gamble. The substance of it was not generalship, or materiel, and it was not valor. It was simply a few hundred thousand Joes and several hundred junior officers who, without having been to West Point, had acquired a variety of talents in their American experience, but had never, in civilian life, been required to employ them with such concentrated, such devoted, such selfless passion. When they were called upon, they were capable of it.

Perry Miller, noted scholar and professor of American literature at Harvard, took part in the Battle of the Bulge.

The Rain and the Sea

By Olga Kowals

I HAVE seen the sea this morning in the rain
and the sea is patternless and incredible—
Remanded through a wider pane
inclusively, terribly believable—

Writhing with an ancient bellyache
Spuming a chantilly lace
of terror into laughing space—
Retreating in a low, deceptive wake
Inhaling fury for
its slash against the pinioned shore—

Sustained by angry tensions of itself
And laden couriers, confused
by the alluvial boundaries it had used
And would destroy: to gain the bulging pelf—

Sun-infused consciousness, senseless with day,
bedded heavily in simple clay.

Early this morning I saw the sea
hissing amorphous platitudes
at the Century.

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Gaelic Literary Revival

THE GAME COCK AND OTHER STORIES. By Michael McLaverty. Illustrated by Sister Irena Uptegrove, O.S.B. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 1947. 192 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

CENTURIES before Ireland became our unofficial forty-ninth state, there was a flourishing literary school—Gaelic, of course—in Ulster. It was much less widely known than the Southern school, but it lasted longer.

Who knows but literary history may be shaping to repeat itself in Ireland? For some years now the poets and storytellers of Ulster have been fostering a literary revival. They are less well known than the writers of the Dublin group, who have a considerable headstart over them. It is interesting speculation to wonder if the Northerners are beginning to challenge the lead of the South. There is little doubt that Michael McLaverty is helping to shorten that lead. No fiction writer I know of in Ireland today excels this young Belfast schoolmaster in quiet directness, the sure touch, the racy artistry of local color.

In "The Game Cock and Other Stories," Mr. McLaverty's first volume of short stories to be published in America, the setting is his native north. His characters are mainly the people of the northeast coastal lands of Down and Antrim and their neighboring islands. His is a different Antrim from the glen country sentimentalized by Donn Byrne and Moira O'Neill. It is a less romantic landscape, a terrain furrowed by the plow and patterned by gull shadows and shafts from the lighthouse tower. His farmers and fishermen are less dramatic than the spare men of the stark west coast, Synge's Aran islanders, for instance. They, too, are a hardy race, overshadowed by a sense of Ireland's past, proud and none too articulate folk given to the thing half-said and the thought half-expressed. They are a milder, more sociable breed, close-knit in family life as they battle the sea and the soil to win for themselves a frugal store of potatoes and salt fish.

The battle they are losing, however, is the battle against old age. It is a battle that all Ireland has been losing as the young emigrate and the forsaken farms run to weeds and ruin. One of the most significant stories in the McLaverty collection is "The White Mare," in which Paddy O'Neill loses an unequal fight against time and his family. Old Paddy and his old mare are teamed up in that most primitive of labor unions, man and beast joined against stubborn nature and her grudging soil. In "Look at the Boats" another humble protagonist, proud and old, goes down to defeat before the years. This story, incidentally, should be placed at the end of the book. It has a climax of such devastating poignancy as to stun for a time against further reading.

Not all the battles are lost, however, and not all are fought on the surf-hemmed clay of the farm country. "The Mother" is the story of a city widow, caged in the treadmill of respectable poverty but hopeful for her children's future. In "Father Christmas" a department store Santa Claus gains a modest victory over fate.

In still other stories there are characters of lesser moral stature that win through to our sympathies, even our affections, people like Aunt Suzanne and Schoolmaster Craig who share the same pitiful weakness. As for the small boys of Ulster, they cheer and vex as lads do everywhere, letting the cow roam and the prize rooster stray, and tracking the wild duck to its reedy lair.

There is racy characterization in the Ulster speech rhythms and the North Irish vernacular, conditioned in part by thinking in Gaelic. An old Down fisherman explains the herring drifters to his apprentice: "Them's the Ardglass men going out in the heel of the evening. . . . But it's the Dutch boats ye want to see: a lovely sight with their colored sails. It's like a procession with banners."

—Charles H. Halliday.

Michael McLaverty is helping to shorten the lead the Dublin group has over the Ulster.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED PLAYS AND AUTHORS

Mary R. Bowman, of Commerce, Tex., offers twenty-five play-and-author anagrams for the pleasure of *SRL* readers. Unscrambling half of them in two hours is par, twenty is excellent, and all of them—!!! Answers are on page 30.

1. Fops in Harem
2. Dear Erwin and Myself
3. I Swig Farce
4. O Gin, My Pal!
5. Queens to Chop Roosts
6. A Top Score in Venice
7. Fairy Leg Won't Fit
8. Lord of Wetwy Heath
9. Tour Now
10. Even Mother Hectic Fan
11. On Rapid Bus
12. Death Song of Tim O'Thune
13. Jenny Soured
14. Rich Dame on Rich Battle
15. Thin Me Wine
16. Right Ho!
17. Dagger To Be Thrown
18. Damn the Sugar
19. Phobiagry
20. Cold Lass of the Rancho
21. The Solid Digit
22. Enter Cestes
23. Roveret's Child
24. Peter's Strange Hue
25. Angry Rode Rebecca

S. B. Twigler
Waldo Crise
Leroy Klegge
Hosea Drew Braggern
Thomis Lovgirdle
W. C. Leonardo
Floddice Frost
Gavin McEllirowe
Don Whirtletorn
Hilaire Skamplawes
Ralph Piriby
Ronny Laddus
F. R. Frischer
Sammie R. Jarbe
Dinky Sleysinge
Andrew Mellon Sax
Leone Lenigue
Rolfe Crenman
B. H. Manners
Larry Diedrich Rabinsnesh
Drew R. Shootbore
Lem Cerrie
Roy Shaddinew
Lyle Croncman
Darment Dodson

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Chase After An Alter Ego

THE STEEPER CLIFF. By David Davidson. New York: Random House. 1947. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

I WOULD like to recommend to you, with only minor reservations, an interesting first novel by a man with the echoing name of David Davidson. It is called "The Steeper Cliff" and it is about fallen Germany in the summer of 1945, and about the American military who, having spent a war arranging for large numbers of Germans to die, were then, and still are, engaged in teaching them how to live, in ten easy lessons. The wartime, widely-held opinion that the only good Germans are dead ones had, of course, to be sharply revised, along with some other credos, by men who suddenly found themselves in search of Germans who were not only good, but alive, and inevitably some interesting and ironic situations tended to develop. One can imagine, for instance, an American officer who in civilian life has sedulously protected his *amour propre* by patronizing only restricted hotels, thoroughly investigating a German who had lately been led to believe that Jews make a fair fuel substitute. The United States Army went in for all manner of rigorous physical exercise in its program of basic training, but it did not, unfortunately, include intellectual somersaults.

Lt. Andrew Cooper, around whom the incidents of "The Steeper Cliff" cluster, found himself ordered to Munich a month after the cessation of open hostilities, for the purpose of helping to effect the reconstruction of Bavarian newspapers and of unearthing enough pure, or at least sufficiently pasteurized, anti-Nazi native journalists to interpret the tenets of militant democracy to a sullen and traumatic *Herrenvolk*. Cooper had enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor and had spent nearly four years in public relations at a port of embarkation. He brought to what he considered a belated opportunity a sincere liberalism, aggressive honesty, and a conscience, American style. It is this especial kind of conscience, common to Americans, which so baffles and amuses Germans who, as was said of a notably sanguine newspaper editor a few years ago, have allowed failure to go to their heads.

Andrew Cooper's recorded *dossier* was not unlike that of many another newspaperman in his middle thirties, but his private biography, read only by himself, showed that since childhood his life had been ridden by panic, a constant, shadowing fear of cowardice. Simple courage, not recklessness, but hard, sweating, *informed* courage seemed to Cooper the great, almost the only, validity in man's life. In addition to this obsession he possessed, almost beyond his will, a sense of identification with others. This, then, was the tense, intelligent,

—*Vandamm.*

"David Davidson knows what he is talking about and isn't afraid to talk about what he knows."

serious, and dedicated lieutenant who sat day after day in Munich, ranked by a colonel whose insecurity and bluster he hated and understood, and investigated Wehrmacht journalists as they fawned and swaggered before him, protesting their innocence and parroting their memorized democratic catechism.

One name on the list of anti-Nazi Germans first interested, then obsessed, Cooper. Adam Lorenz, son of an humble marble-cutter, had fought Hitler since the beginning, fought him, the record showed, coolly, joyously, and tirelessly. He had been sent to Dachau, had been released, and immediately had slashed again at the New Order with his bright, corrosive pen. Lorenz was listed as missing. To Cooper, Lorenz became a driving obsession, an alter ego who must be found before Cooper could become whole. Andrew Cooper must find himself by finding the man he might have been had his life been unstained by fear. When he discovered Lorenz's wife, Brigitte, who had not seen her husband for six years, Cooper's identification became agonizingly complete, and he fell in love. Even then, as he had in the past forced himself to climb the dizzier height, the steeper cliff, he risked his job, his commission and, upon occasion, his life to continue the search which, if successful, would isolate him forever from Brigitte. This lost, wraithlike other self had become more important to Cooper than himself.

I am not going to tell you what happened. It makes sense even if, in my opinion, it is not the best of the book. My other disappointment, and a sharper one, is Brigitte. Unlike some of the other German girls who wander through the story, passive and cynical, no better than they should be, Brigitte is better than she should be. Mr. Davidson has equipped a difficult theme with a good, solid, sensitive, cooperative prose, a prose which gives shape and impact to his realism, and Brigitte comes into the story all wrapped up in cellophane, untouched by the author's human hand; and she stays that way. Andrew Cooper fell in love with her, and that was his business, and he had his own good and complicated reasons, but I wish Mr. Davidson hadn't.

Otherwise I go on record in praise of a thoughtful, better-than-average, damn-good-in-fact, job of writing about Germans in defeat and Americans implementing the victory we fought like hell to win and now seem to be wondering what to do with, and a writer who knows what he is talking about and isn't afraid to talk about what he knows.

A Problem in Esthetics

By Marcia Lee Anderson

A BLADE of grass one day observed a face
Whose eager lineaments suggested grace.
"How delicate! How moving!" said the grass;
"Nature is wonder-working, in its class—
But far more wonderful what I invent,
For ah! my work is Art, not Accident."
Growing still greener in this lovely thought,
He danced a secret vision he had wrought:
Enraptured movements, that belonged, by chance,
To an artist dreamily painting a green dance.

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Most Despairing of All

THE STONE KNIFE. By José Revueltas. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 183 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

A PURELY private speculation that I have entertained for some years is that events and movements occurring in Mexico forecast the shape of things to come elsewhere. Without digressing into the reasons for this belief, I have often found its application valid. If we can, accordingly, accept the prophetic dynamism found there as a measuring rod, three novels recently generated by the Mexican earth present an ominous forecast of man's fate.

The first and most notable is Malcolm Lowry's "Under the Volcano." Written by an Englishman, its characters are international, its setting is Mexico, and its story is the tragedy of modern man's self-destruction. The second is by an American, Gilbert Neiman, who stages the battle of democratic versus fascist man against the backdrop of Mexico. In Mr. Neiman's melodramatic tale, "There Is a Tyrant in Every Country," modern man is again defeated. The last book in the fateful trilogy is written of Mexicans by a Mexican and its theme is the most despairing of all.

Published in English as "The Stone Knife" and in Spanish as "Human Grief," it is written in the Spanish, rather than the English, tradition of the novel. Each character is symbolic, rather than individualistic, and its motivation derives from the conflict of thoughts, not actions. Thus the hero is named "Natividad" or "Birth" and is one who brings light.

The central theme is that Natividad can be destroyed only by betrayal. The tragedy is that not only he, but all those about him—the weak and the strong, the good and the bad—are so destroyed. In the somber finals of the struggle of Man versus Man, there remains only fat vultures upon the horizon.

José Revueltas has written this allegory with profound philosophical insight in which he explores the meanings of life and death and of the bonds between them. He has, furthermore, presented it in passages of surpassing beauty. As one reads, and rereads to understand, it becomes clear why "The Stone Knife" was chosen as Mexico's entry into the Latin-American prize novel contest.

The translation by H. R. Hays is in itself an exciting discovery. Not since Anita Bronner's translation of "Sundown" by Mauricio Magdaleno have I seen such an harmonious rendition of Spanish into English. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hays's fine talents will be used very often in this field.

"The Stone Knife" is a serious, a moving, and a terrifying tale. By adding to the literature of doom emanating today from the Mexican earth, it makes such positive acts as the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan seem only futile gestures in a passing show. The show itself, as interpreted by these three writers, is both physical and spiritual death for the human race.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 696)

TROLLOPE:
*THE AMERICAN SENATOR**

When an American and a Briton meet, the intelligence of the American, displayed through his nose, worries the Englishman; the unconscious self-assurance of the Englishman, not always unaccompanied by a sneer, irritates the American.

*A novel written at sea on the way back from Australia, summer, 1875.

Not in "Who's Zoo"

McGARRITY AND THE PIGEONS. By John Cecil Holm. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1947. 239 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEE ROGOW

PUT "McGarrity and the Pigeons" down as a flimsy whimsy. I suppose Rinehart got it out as light reading for hot weather, but I can't remember a book quite so light, or weather quite that hot.

Look at it this way. Suppose you read a story about a girl who comes to New York. She marries an average chap. After a decent interval, they have a child named Peter. Peter grows up and falls in love with a neighboring gal named Emily. Peter's not very bright. A lady named Olga, who is no better than she ought to be, entices him into the toils of a bad fellow. Peter's sweetheart rescues him. All live happily ever after (except that baggage Olga, of course).

Do you suppose you'd like it any better if all these characters were pigeons? Well, that's what they are. There are also in these 239 pages a hansom cabbie named McGarrity, some kids who hold a pet show, a doctor, a policeman, and Samson, a talking horse whose power of speech permits him to become one of the most uninspired conversationalists since Polonius.

Endowing the beasties with human attributes is an old dodge of the word-slingers, going back to Aesop and even (I guess) to the storytellers who did their stuff in the cave while the family was digesting its roast mammoth. It's usually done either to point up some moral about human behavior, or to tickle the kiddies, or both. At its best, it can have the heart-beat of Bambi, the shrewdness of Reynard the Fox, the gentle fun of Ferdinand the Bull, or the magnificent frenzy of Donald Duck.

But John Cecil Holm's pigeons just aren't in it with the rest of this distinguished menagerie. They'd never make my "Who's Zoo."

The author has essayed a charming fantasy with a dollop of satire. To carry it off he needed wit, wisdom, and a certain amount of wildness—jokes and insights sparking through it like matches in the bleachers at a night baseball game.

Instead this underprivileged little plot is ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed. Here and there a breath of tenderness gives these pale characters a moment of life. But for pages and pages it just dawdles along, going no place, with all the invention of a grammar-school morality play in which the children are dressed in cheesecloth and presented as the Spirit of the Early Crocus.

It's a bit of a disappointment that this should have come from John Cecil Holm, whose name was on such happy librettos as "Three Men on a Horse" and "Best Foot Forward." Mr. Holm has been known to flip a mean quip when he sets his mind to it. But "McGarrity," I'm afraid, is a yarn that might be told by a rather dull pixie who keeps forgetting the punch lines.

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Indiosyncratic Genius

KAFKA'S PRAYER. By Paul Goodman. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1947. 270 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP RAHV

THE one thing that can be said with certainty of Franz Kafka is that his genius is of an idiosyncratic order. This is meant not as a stricture but simply as a way of indicating, however provisionally, the difficulties of placing Kafka in a common framework with the other great writers of the modern creative line. Hence in interpreting his work one has to cope with special problems—problems that are likely to become insoluble if the interpretation is undertaken by a critic deeply committed to his own idiosyncrasies. Nothing can be more hazardous than the attempt to pile one set of idiosyncrasies on top of another. Paul Goodman, in this new study of Kafka, has accepted the hazards of just such an attempt. The result is utter confusion.

For the reader who has been baffled by Kafka will come to this book only to discover that he is now in need of an interpretation not only of Kafka but of Goodman too. But that is hardly what he has bargained for. After all, the difficulties of understanding Goodman are still his own responsibility, whereas the difficulties of understanding Kakfa are now inseparable from the total problem of the obscurity and ambiguity of modern writing.

In the preface Goodman states that his book is "not an objective study but a kind of polemic and self-defense." One wonders, however, at whom the polemic is directed and why Goodman is so much in need of defense that he will write his brief into a text on Kafka. In this preface he also speaks of pitting his "truth" against Kafka's; and again one is perplexed, not because Kafka's truth is to be taken as sacred and inviolable but because Goodman's bold declaration arouses doubt as to his grasp of the nature and function of criticism. The chief task of criticism is the analysis and elucidation of works of art, not the displacement of them by the critic for purposes of self-expression. Of course, there is room for self-expression in every medium, but it seems to me that in successfully negotiating his primary task the critic is expressing himself well enough.

Goodman's bent for self-expression takes the form, in this book, of an endless flow of theories and notions, most of them unsupported by sufficient evidence to establish their relevance. For example, Kafka is characterized here as a "religious writer." In what sense, however? Not in the sense of any recognizably traditional or scientific idea of religion but strictly in the sense of Goodman's own brand-new definition of it—a definition so arbitrarily and cryptically stated as to make it impossible either to agree or disagree with it. Thus the characterization of Kafka as a "religious writer" is left dangling in the air, adding nothing to our understanding of him.

In his approach to Kafka Goodman makes lavish use of the Freudian theory, and though a few of the ideas he develops on the basis of this theory are acute and important most of them are so far-fetched as to provoke immediate dissent. The trouble is that Goodman is much too drawn towards a purely speculative application of Freudian concepts to literature, as if psychoanalysis were not an empirical science but a kind of free-for-all dialectic open to the manipulative tactics of every venturesome writer. To assert, as Goodman does, that Kafka was "a believer in the totemic religions of the primitive hordes" and then to extract the meaning of his animal-stories, such as "Metamorphosis," "The Burrow," "Investigations of a Dog," etc., from this notion is to put the Freudian method to an illegitimate use. For Goodman does not explain how "totemism" enters precisely into the structure of the modern psyche, nor does he disclose its workings in the above-mentioned stories. In the case of "Metamorphosis," for instance, the monstrous bug, far from being a totem (an object of identification in terms of power and mastery) is, on the contrary, an object that arouses feelings of degradation and self-revulsion. In the same way I do not see how Goodman can trace the appearance of K.'s two assistants in "The Castle" and of the two warders in "The Trial" to Kafka's sibling jealousy of his two younger brothers who died in infancy. This is a construction for which no evidence is offered, and there is really no way of arriving at such conclusions on the basis of what we find in Kafka's narratives, diaries, and letters.

Finally, it should be noted that for all of Goodman's great admiration for Kafka he is unable to appreciate properly the typical Kafkan poetry of human loss and failure, of man's anxiety and dread in a world of unbounded contingency and inscrutable authority. What Goodman expresses above all, in his novels no less than in his critical writings, is a kind of anarchic utopianism that runs contrary to the major tenets of Kafka's existential irony. Thus in this book Goodman commits himself to the view that once "we undo the State and relax the repression of children . . . the good society will flourish." Now in the light of such bland optimism Kafka's essential meaning looks very much like an aberration of the human spirit. To be sure, Goodman comes to no such conclusion; but that is explained by the facility with which he reconciles all possible contradictions rather than by any consistency of insight or logic.

Philip Rahv, Partisan Review editor, wrote the first English language article on Kafka to appear in this country (Kenyon Review *Jan. 1938).*

"The characterization of Kafka as a 'religious writer' is left dangling in the air."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 215

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 215 *will be found in the next issue.*

R HPBCPKF MSRFX, GLF

TNLGF RB DXSF ZPFB QNL

SV PTLKSFRNV.

DRWBNV YRJVPH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 214

By perseverance the snail reached the Ark. C. H. SPURGEON

Salt Cellars.

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Lost Generation Resuscitated

PARIS WAS OUR MISTRESS. By Samuel Putnam. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 254 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD E. MEYERS

FOR centuries Paris has been a magnet for refugees. She has provided a hospitable haven for tourists, exiles, malcontents, and most particularly for a vast army of talented—and untalented—aspirants in the arts. In his book "Paris Was Our Mistress" Mr. Putnam has presented a graphic and meticulous report on those Americans, who, finding America an esthetic waste after World War I trekked to Paris in the 1920's hoping to find the inspiration so sadly lacking at home. This group of eager but disillusioned young men was later characterized as "the lost generation." Mr. Hemingway apparently disagreed with this tag, as Mr. Putnam quotes him as saying, "How the hell are you going to be lost when you've never been found?"

Nevertheless, many were lost, becoming bums and derelicts, and a few found themselves and gave their works to the world with no small success. Mr. Putnam, apparently, never lost track of any of them and, whether they have since become famous or sunk into oblivion, he chronicles with unflagging vigor and overwhelming detail their conversations, their brawls, their orgies, and their personal idiosyncrasies. Indeed there are portions of the book which sound perilously akin to the tittle-tattle of one of our gossip columnists, and to the reader who happens to have lived in Paris at that time these passages may prove interesting and amusing, but others may find them trivial and boring.

Perhaps if Mr. Putnam had been more selective with his material, the book would have had more substance and would have sounded less like a chatty encyclopedia of Left-Bank alcoholics and poseurs. On the other hand, he might claim with some justification that the workers and the wastrels of the little world of the Dome and La Coupole were so inextricably jumbled together that the picture could not have been accurately presented unless he described them all.

To those who love Paris—and who doesn't?—the book will give many a nostalgic twinge. There is a charming memoir of the author's arrival in Paris with his young wife in which he manages to convey with almost poetic insight something of the magic spell of one's first glimpse of "la ville lumiére." He gives a sympathetic and persuasive résumé of the reasons why they found the French so congenial. And they are all good reasons.

But the vortex of Montparnasse expatriates soon swallowed them up, and a large part of the book is devoted to a deluge of anecdotes concerning Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Willie Seabrook, Ezra Pound, and a hundred others. From Josephine Baker to the colored bootblack at the American Express Company, they are all there, and whether they interest the reader or not, the mere cataloguing represents a prodigious feat of memory or else an amazing collection of comprehensive diaries.

To this reviewer, the personality sketches in the fifth chapter and the "Continental vignettes" in chapter seven form the most rewarding portion of the book. Here the author gives a convincing, though malicious, portrait of Ford Madox Ford, an amusing visit to the home of Gertrude Stein whose egotism is deftly brought out with unction, and a somewhat flattering reminiscence of that very hard-boiled young man Ernest Hemingway. There is finally an ingenious, if not convincing apologia for Mr. Ezra Pound. In all of these sketches one is aware of Mr. Putnam's excellent reportorial instinct and experience and feels he has used both with good effect.

The reader is intrigued with the author's visit to the mysteriously darkened room of the "opium-dimmed" Jean Cocteau, whose fertile personality is sharply etched with telling strokes. Louis Aragon's early background is accurately recounted and could have been expanded to advantage in view of his later emergence as an important figure in World War II. There is an acid, but indubitably correct impression of the painter Darian, contrasting sharply with one of Picasso, who comes off better. There are illuminating descriptive pages on Brancusi, Chagall, and Pirandello, and the reader is grateful to the author for his very discriminate choice.

Mr. Putnam seems to have omitted, or at least dismissed with scant notice, two of the most distinguished members of that Parisian colony, Stephen Vincent Benét and Archibald MacLeish. Both have managed to add considerable lustre to American letters, and while neither formed part of the menagerie that clustered around the Dome or La Coupole, they both wrote some of their most important works in Paris at that time. "John Brown's Body" was written in France and much of MacLeish's finest verse. Neither of these men found it necessary to seek inspiration in the reeking atmosphere of a Montparnasse dive, but they should be reckoned with in any chronicle of the period in Paris.

Perhaps, like Miniver Cheevy, Mr. Putnam's book was "born too late." The "lost generation" does not loom as important now as it did fifteen years ago. Too much has happened to the world in the interim. But at any rate, Mr. Putnam has written what should be the final word on it and written with painstaking fidelity.

Hydrangeas

By Margaret McGarvey

MISS Anna's hydrangeas
Are banquets of bloom.
Drink deep of the blueness
Set forth in this room.

And think of a garden,
A house of gray lace,
And the bloom of hydrangeas
That tented the place.

All woven of water,
Of fragrance and fay—
Pagodas by evening,
Umbrellas by day.

Think back to school-closings
At dusk in the town,
Of urns of hydrangeas
And Mary's white gown. . . .

Gone now is Miss Anna,
Gone now the green hand
That loosened the earth
To flower her land.

Yet still the hydrangeas
Are banquets of bloom.
Drink deep of the blueness
Set forth in this room.

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Poet-in-Prose

COLLECTED POEMS OF HERMAN MELVILLE. Edited by Howard P. Vincent. Chicago: Packard & Co. Hendricks House. 1947. 502 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

FOR the first time, all of Melville's poems, with the exception of the two-volume poem "Clarel," which will appear separately (edited by Walter Bezanson of Harvard), are gathered together in one American volume, together with a section of "Unpublished or Uncollected Poems." This is, in a sense, a literary event, and hence the publishers may be pardoned for saying exuberantly on the jacket of the book, of Melville, "He must be accorded a place second only to Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman."

If we consider the poet that Melville is in "Moby Dick," albeit his greatest work is rated as prose, there may be some ground for the coupling of his name with Whitman's. Emily Dickinson, being in so entirely different a category of poetry, hardly enters into the discussion. But upon the evidence of the present volume, to be unsparingly frank, Melville appears, except in unusual instances—and there he flashes with brilliance—as a second-rate and often tedious rhymester. To try to read the longest effusions, like the almost interminable poem concerning a search for Mosby's guerrillas in the Civil War, called "The Scout Toward Aldie," is like trying to read today Southey's "The Curse of Kehama." And when we learn that in Melville's spirited—if little else—poem on Nathaniel Lyon, in "Battle-Pieces," (for accounts of whose exploits he went to the "Rebellion Record") he deliberately changed the name of Lyon's horse and the name of the corporal involved to names that would rhyme, we can only smile with indulgence! The "Battle-Pieces" are, mostly, not good. We have a touchstone for them. We have the extraordinary poems of Henry Howard Brownell (who does not appear in Webster's Biographical Dictionary) who was the most authentic poet of the American Civil War. He was with Farragut, and wrote at least one of his poems during action aboard the U. S. flagship *Hartford* at Mobile Bay in August 1864. You have only to compare Melville's "The Battle for the Bay" with Brownell's "The Bay Fight" to see the difference.

But now to the good work. It includes "The Portent" (the opening poem on John Brown), "The Martyr" (written after Lincoln's assassination), "In the Prison Pen," and—for its meaning and spirit—"Rebel Color-Bearers at Shilom." The advent of the ironclads (*Monitor* and *Merrimac*) was to Melville a genuine grief, marking the passing of the regally top-hampered, wooden-walled fighters of an elder day. Suddenly blare out the final lines:

O, the navies old and oaken,
O, the *Temeraire* no more!

I have mentioned "The Battle for the Bay." It is after reaching the end of this poem unimpressed that, suddenly, like lightning from a thunderhead, blazes "Sheridan at Cedar Creek," one of the best poems Melville ever wrote. Thomas Buchanan Read (despite all the school readers in America) may go hide his head! And so much for the war poems. Though I cannot let pass certain lines in "Chattanooga" which rank with the *worst* verse ever written:

In sharp relief, like sky-drawn Grant,
Whose cigar must now be near a stump—
While in solicitude his back
Heaps slowly to a hump.

What of the sailor poems? For all the near-grotesqueness of "Bridegroom Dick" the latter part strikes out a swaggering bit like:

Where's Commander All-a-Tanto?
Where's Orlop Bob singing up from below?
Where's Rhyming Ned? Has he spun his last canto?
Where's Jewsharp Jim? Where's Rigadoon Joe?

And in "The Haglets" we see that Melville was truly a poet, even in poetry: Proof? Such lines as, "The prow, a seedsman, sows the spray"; "Where slides the cabin-lustre shy," "A livid storm-bow, like a rainbow dead." "The rigging's howling wilderness"—and those telling how the ship "plunges far with luminous antlers vast," then rallies, and

Each shot-hole plugged, each storm-sail home,
With batteries housed she rams the watery dome.

The "inscrutable haglets," pursuing the doomed ship like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, "Unflagging pinions ply and ply" as "the Old Year dies at sea." The atmosphere of this sea poem, in which the capturer of a Spanish Plate Fleet drives onward to doom, deserves high praise. It is thoroughly felt and seen. And Melville, lover of the sea, not only saw but heard. In two lines of a brief poem called "Far Off-shore" he says of a derelict raft,

Cries the sea-fowl, hovering over,
"Crew, the crew?"

in which you hear the actual mocking, lost call of the gulls.

On several pages in the middle of the book, we come to an immortal poem. It is Melville's "Monody." It was written to Hawthorne, and I wish I might quote it here. "Lone Founts," a wise poem and beautiful, follows. "The Bench of Boors" immortalizes Teniers. "Art" is famous for its closing lines.

I like among other poems, "In the Pauper's Turnip-Field," "The Old Shipmaster and His Crazy Barn," "Honor," and "Fruit and Flower Painter."

One closes the volume with continued admiration for a great poet-in-prose, and affection even for his glaring faults in verse.

"All right . . . Everybody on stage!"

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The Milky Way Conference

An Atomic Age Anniversary Play in One Act

MARSHALL GRAY

SCENE: *An Interplanetary Round Table Conference in Plenary Session. Conference Room. Center table rises and widens on an ascending slant from front to backstage toward ceiling, giving illusion of space and great distance. The representatives of the planets are dressed in astrologer costumes. There are fighting and squabbling among the members; this is finally hushed down as the curtain rises.*

CHAIRMAN: Hear Ye, Hear Ye, Peace Conference for the War to End All Wars #4,943 will now come to order! (*Reads roster—Earth, Moon, Saturn, Mars, Neptune, Shangri-La. They all reply "Here" or "Present."*)

COMMENTATOR: The discussion is beginning. It's comparatively calm now. They are reviewing, I guess, the past interplanetary war. The mistakes, the sorrows, the blood, sweat, and tears. There is talk now of a *true* everlasting peace.

(*Gathering becomes more vociferous*)

What's this? Someone has dropped a harmless remark about Mars and it looks as if something is going to happen. Representatives of Mars get up and begin to walk out. The chairman apologizes. He pleads with them to remain and they do, but not without hesitance. The chairman proceeds with the meeting and gives Venus the floor.

VENUS: If Mars doesn't like it she can go! If she thinks she is going to muscle in after we spent years to build up the Milky Way Power System, she is mistaken.

EARTH: But, gentlemen, the Universe is so vast—there's enough for everybody!

VENUS: Nevertheless, we demand our rights.

MARS: And we demand ours. We need more Space.

EARTH (*to Venus*): We will take Mercury, half of the Moon, and give you each a fourth.

VENUS: Impossible!

MARS: Never.

EARTH: Well, what do you want, Mars?

MARS: We'll give you one-half of Venus and one-third of Jupiter if you'll give us Neptune and the Moon.

EARTH: Utterly impossible.

MARS: Then we'll take only a quarter of Jupiter if you will give us a sphere of influence in the Milky Way.

VENUS: If Mars gets one bit more influence in the Milky Way—then we quit and to hell with your League of Planets.

MARS: (*stern*) Then we'll quit too.

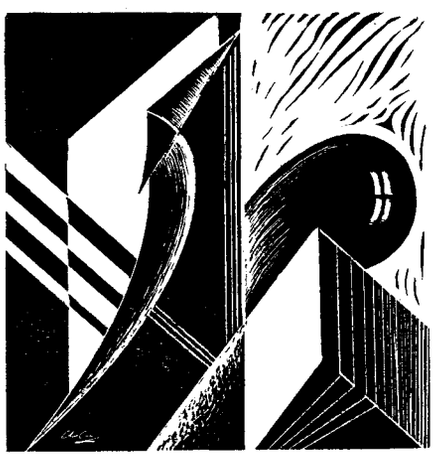
EARTH: Please, please, gentlemen.

CHAIRMAN: (*raps gavel*) Order, please! (*Recognizes Earth who asks for floor*)

EARTH: Gentlemen. Isn't the universe big enough for all? Must we continually fight for a scarcity that we create only in our own minds? How long will we continue to war with one another, individually and collectively, to cannibalize and torment each other? I believe, gentlemen, that if we don't learn to live in peace, then the Lord in his wrath will wipe out all Space, just as He flooded the sinful Earth in Noah's day. Let's glance back through history for a moment. Consider the infantile, selfish, cruel mind of twentieth-century man. We can understand why *he* was perennially butchering his brother, but, gentlemen, certainly the Age of Homo Futurens, the Age of Brotherly Love, is not worthy of this, this childish bickering. We must forget old prejudices, make new and lasting friendships. We must forge new weapons, *new weapons for peace and not for war.*

(*Applause from the representatives*)

MARS: (*in a tearful, pleading mood*) For years we rotated peacefully on our own axis. We love peace. We love the minorities on Mars. It is only when they annoy us too much that we take drastic steps with them. But we do not really hate them. That's why we need more Space—so we can send *all* our minorities there.



VENUS: Shed no more your crocodile tears; you have wiped out one of the most brilliant races in the history of mankind—the Clostridiums!

MARS: That is all past history now. We did not do it. A few fanatical party leaders did it and they are in jail now.

VENUS: Your whole planet was in favor of their policies. Your people only laughed as each Clostridium was marched into his gas chamber. You murdered the young male Clostridiums, en-whored their young females, and made slaves of their old. And now that you have purged your planet of most of its anti-Clostridium elements, you say, in effect, you always really *loved* the Clostridiums.

MARS: Gentlemen, you are not fair to us, you are not fair.

VENUS: Are we to be fair to this unfair monster of the heavens? So—

MARS: (*pleading*) That's the thanks we get for discovering the cure for cancer.

(*Noise from the representatives, whispers, cries—"Cure for cancer?!?!?"*)

VENUS: (*rises infuriated*) Yes, gentlemen, it seems that the cure for cancer *has* at last been found. Our scientists have confirmed the work done at Mars General Hospital. *But* the discoverer of the cure was not a so-called *pure* Martian, but a *Clostridium* (*noise from representatives*), whose family has been murdered in cold blood—and who is now, I understand, insane with grief.

(*Chairman raps the gavel*)

CHAIRMAN: Order in the court.

COMMENTATOR: Suddenly there is a commotion from one of the distant seats where the planetary representatives are assembled; a strange monstrous-looking representative is seated with the Mars delegation. As he descends to the chairman's podium, he creates a furor—papers fly in all directions; he steps over representatives' heads, and with great strides down two aisles at a time. The commotion increases.

As he comes nearer, his build and features become more distinct. He looks like a gorilla with added refinements. He is not quite so hairy and his face is more man-like. He wears spectacles which dangle from a black chain. He appears half-Martian—half-ape—which indeed he is. He is, in fact, a *Civilized Gorilla!* He has, through the centuries, living with Martians and "aping" them, learned to act and dress and live like them. He has embraced monogamy, and has been educated at special ape schools; some apes have even intermarried

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with Martians, and in many cases these marriages have been successful. In his mad ambition to emulate the Martian, he has had a hard time of it; he has, through the years, made slow progress—however, not wthout paying a price—the price of nervous tension, high blood pressure, chronic frustration, and unhappiness.

(*As the Commentator's voice dies down, the Ape's voice—a strange voice indeed—is heard.*)

APE-MAN: Gentlemen, I represent one million ape-men from Apetown, Mars.

CHAIRMAN: Make your presentation brief—we are concerned with infinitudes of beings and light-years of space at this conference—not with infinitesimal minorities.

APE-MAN: Ah, that is the great mistake—that is the mistake perpetuated through the centuries. Pay attention to the minorities, to *each* and *every* individual, and the majorities will take care of themselves.

CHAIRMAN: (*impatiently*) Go on, go on!

APE-MAN: Well, gentlemen, I shall be very brief. My people realize how futile it is to try to make you listen to a mere one million voices. We're through with asking you. From now on *we're telling you. . . .*

(*Laughs and insults from representatives, rap of gavel*)

Our scientists have perfected a new "birth accelerator." With this weapon, the ape-man's period of gestation, instead of your nine months, will be *two weeks.* If we decide to multiply at maximum capacity, we will soon overrun Mars by sheer force of numbers. Unless we get our rights, we will unleash this new biological weapon, and conquer by propagation.

(*Loud whispered conversation between representatives, cries of "insane! preposterous!" etc. Rap of gavel)*

MARS: Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN: Mars.

MARS: (*Blood dripping from his hands*) The only way to stop such insanity is by force. I think that we can maintain peace by the use of force. Forget about this fiend and his idiotic scheme; we can handle the Ape-Man. Peace is attainable *even if we have to have a war every year to guarantee it!*

REPRESENTATIVE FROM SHANGRI-LA: Mr. Chairman!

CHAIRMAN: Shangri-La.

SHANGRI-LA: (*speaking in a quiet, peaceful, calm tone of voice*) What kind of peace is it that requires a war every year to guarantee it? Aren't we losing sight of the fundamentals? In 1947, the people of the Earth, for

example, were getting ready to destroy themselves completely and for all time—with their newly discovered atom bomb.

Not much later, as the history books tell us, physical contact was established with Mars. Space ships successfully took off and landed on both planets. Immediately, both planets prepared for war against each other. Meanwhile, planetary intercommunication spread like nebular gases. On the Earth, overnight, as you remember, Russians and Argentinans, British and the Jews and Arabs of Palestine, and the Japanese and the Chinese, the Moslems and the Hindus, and in the United States the Northerner and the Southerner, the Democrats and the Republicans, *all united* to repel the invasion by Mars.

The Earth was saved from itself—but only by the grace of God who interposed a common enemy between the Earth and total permanent and irreversible oblivion.

Today, the planets are at peace—but are in imminent danger of *war with one another.* And, no other common enemy as yet appears from out of the Milky Way to unite us. *We must now save ourselves.*

Marshall Gray is the pseudonym of a well-known New York surgeon.

Mixture of War, Love, and Yogi

THE WIND CANNOT READ. By Richard Mason. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

WITH fine abandon the young English author of this first novel tackles some imposing themes: war, tragic love, the nature of the Japanese character, Yogi, and the problem of India. The mixture in this case is not wholly palatable. For, although Richard Mason writes his story with ease and simplicity, the problems he sets up for us are explored hesitantly and inconclusively. If we are left with any answers at all, these are that love, on the whole, is really quite sad; that all people, with certain exceptions, are quite nice; that war is paradoxical; that Yogi perhaps has something (just what, being hard to say), and that India must remain a problem.

But once this basic objection is made to his book, it must be admitted certain engrossing qualities. The wartime atmosphere in Bombay is well handled; passages describing British Army fighting in Burma at a time when the invasion of India seemed imminent are written with enough authenticity to make us assume that the author was a participant in the campaign; and the scenes which describe the escape from the Japanese back to his own lines by a British officer stay on the better side of melodrama.

The major portion of the book, however, is given over to the long and detailed description of a love affair between the British officer, sent to an intelligence school in Bombay to learn Japanese, and his instructress, a young and intelligent Japanese woman. It is a very intense love that arises between them. Their different racial backgrounds have little effect on them and, what seems more surprising, on those around them. Sabby, the Japanese heroine, sweeps all before her with her charm and beauty. Although Anglicized for only a few years, her sympathies are entirely with the British, and none who know her, it would seem, ever dare to question this. Certainly not Michael Quinn, the British officer who loves her to distraction, unaware of her slowly growing brain tumor which can only result in her death. Neither Michael nor the reader is tangibly aware of this until the closing pages.

All along in the reading of this there is the feeling that it resembles in pattern something read before. For essentially the pattern of this book is the pattern, rather trite by now of "A Farewell to Arms." In the last chapter the resemblance becomes very close indeed:

> "You would like to see her?" she (the nurse) said.
> "No," I said, "I don't want to see her. I couldn't bear to see her not living."
> "You would like to rest here, then?"
> "No, I don't want to rest."
> "There is nothing we can do for you?"
> "No, there's nothing," I said.

Yet, for all this, there remains a likable quality to the novel. One is willing to forgive the author a great deal, if only for the warm and sympathetic qualities of his writing, the occasional flashes of perceptive characterization, and the evident sincerity which hangs over it all.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President
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What England Wants

A FEW weeks ago this page presented a sampling of books which were being sought by specialty readers in the United States and Canada—people with hobbies, vocations, avocations, transient interests, and wild and permanent desires who make their wants known to their local booksellers, who in turn give those wants wide currency in "The Weekly Book Exchange" department of *Publishers' Weekly* or in Eugene Thumin's *Want List,* or in both. Mention was made of the fact that London has a comparable publication—a weekly called *The Clique,* of which the 3,200th number recently appeared. It occurred to your correspondent that a casual survey of an issue of *The Clique* might produce some revealing comparisons; the project was carried out, and the results follow.

The witty Sydney Smith, who was not being witty, or even trying to be, when he asked, "Who reads an American book?," would be appalled and dismayed by the number and variety of appeals for books by American authors which are made in *The Clique.* English readers—some English readers, at any rate—want Robert Frost's and Emily Dickinson's poems, Poe's works, O'Henry's stories, books by Gertrude Stein, Upton Sinclair, Floyd Dell, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Thornton Wilder, Stephen Vincent Benét. They want Thoreau's "Walden," Hawthorne's "The Celestial Rail-Road," Holmes's "Medical Essays," Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and his translation of Dante, Morley's the "Off the Deep End," Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" and "In Dubious Battle," John Dos Passos's "U.S.A." and "Three Soldiers" and George Horace Lorimer's "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son." In the single issue of *The Clique* investigated, there are three requests for Paul Gallico's "The Snow Goose," two for Hendrik Van Loon's "Lives," one for Washington Irving's "Sketch Book, 1895, Van Tassel ed., vol. 2," and one for "Spoon River Anthology"—the work, it appears, of "Leemasters (E.)." There are appeals for "The Wizard of Oz," "Forever Amber," "The Late George Apley," "Gone With the Wind," "The Rains Came," "The Virginian," "Tobacco Road," "David Harum," and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

In the field of general Americana, one finds among sought-for titles Crittenden's "Commerce of North Carolina," Burns's "Billy the Kid," Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," McMurtrie's "First Printers of Chicago," a set of Parkman, and *Fortune* for June 1946. The English have always manifested a keen and informed interest in the American Civil War, and it is therefore not surprising to see appeals for Anderson's "Stonewall Jackson," Battine's "Crisis of the Confederacy," and Bullock's "Secret Service of the Confederate States." A resident of Wimbledon who presumably doesn't give a damn about tennis is concentrating sharply on the America of a century ago, judging by these wants listed by a single local bookseller: Godley's "Letters from America" (1844), Gurney's "Journey in North America" (1841), Harvey's "Scenes of the Primitive Forest of America" (1841), Lang's "Religion and Education in America" (1840), Stewart's "Travels in the Free States of America" (1842), Thomason's "Men and Things in America" (1838), Playfair's "Brother Jonathan" (1841), and half a dozen others of the same purport and period.

But the Americanization of Britain is far from complete. She is still mindful of her own, and there are scores of requests for specific titles by Trollope, Hardy, Galsworthy, Bennett, Gissing, Kipling, Stevenson, Beerbohm. French and Russian authors are in demand.

Moreover, a lively interest in his own countryside—its history, its flora, its fauna, and its first families—has always characterized the literate Briton, and this interest is clearly reflected in *The Clique's* listings. An Ilfracombe bookseller advertises for Bradley's "Exmoor Memories," Hendy's "Wild Exmoor," Harper's "North Devon Coast," and half a dozen similar; a Penzance dealer cites well over fifty titles of books on Cornwall; a Leeds shop is looking for Dodsley's "Description of Leeds," Wheater's "Old Yorkshire," "Yorkshire Past and Present" (author unspecified), Fisher's "History of Masham, Yorks," and Baines's "History and Directory of Yorkshire"; a York confrère calls for Wheater's "History of Knaresborough" and Auden's "Surveys of York." A Liverpudlian, suitably enough, wants Munroe's "The Grand National." A Reading resident appeals for Parker's "Churches of Berkshire" and Hesketh Pearson's biography of Oscar Wilde. A parallel interest in local concerns is evident north of the border. Aberdeen asks for "Macdonalds and any clan history" and material on "tartans, not recent."

The scope of exploratory interest is at least as broad in England, the passion for specialization fully as deep, as in America. There are Britons who are eager for "anything on musical boxes," "anything on pineapples," "locomotives, anything, any language," and "model railways, anything on." One devotee apparently cannot sleep until he owns a copy of Schlegel's "Physiognomy of Serpents," and after he gets it may still be unable to sleep. Two persons are avid for "Stonehenge on the Greyhound"—"Greyhound on Stonehenge" would sound more like an actual book title. There are seekers after Dickson's "The Match Industry," "Dictionary of Expressions (?)—*e.g.,* Son of a Gun," "anything on horse brasses," books on carpets, books on skating, books on fireworks displays before 1850, Dutton's "Boots and Shoes of Our Ancestors," and Symonds and Preece's "Needlework Through the Ages"—two aspirants for that last. A single shop appeals for books on bees, poultry, motor racing, and diseases of the cucumber.

There are students of the literature of the more orthodox hobbies—old silver, old furniture, old clocks, old porcelain, ancient coins. There is a vast following in the pursuits which one traditionally associates with the true-born Englishman—horses and dogs (with a concomitant interest in the novels of Surtees), hunting in outlandish places, travel ditto, mountaineering, the tougher the better. And cricket—one bookseller lists sixty titles.

Comparing this summary with that of our own native wants, one can hardly fail to reach the conclusion that American and Englishman are brothers under their skulls, and that, turned loose in a bookshop, each would be likely to emerge, in the national composite, with the same books. The most striking difference is the fact that the Englishman has to apply to the second-hand and out-of-print trade for titles which the American can in most instances readily obtain in the new-book store. The evil wrought by the bombs that blasted Paternoster Row lives after them.

J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Not Necessarily Sanctioned

SIR: Edgar Sisson's generous notice of a Princeton book inspires gratitude to him and the *SRL*, so this is no publisher's gripe. But a sentence in his review of Arthur Link's "Wilson: the Road to the White House" [*SRL* June 7] raises questions of deep meaning to scholarly publishing in general, and I would like to comment on it. Mr. Sisson says that because Princeton University Press published the book and because Mr. Link is on the Princeton faculty, "it would appear that the publication has official sanction." What troubles me is a possible reading of that sentence to suggest that university presses don't, or even shouldn't, publish books presenting ideas disapproved by the university itself in an official administrative sense. And the inverse would be just as bad: the idea that a university must assume responsibility for all the ideas presented in all the books that *are* published by its press. Either condition would be intolerable, it seems to me, for universities and university publishers alike.

DATUS C. SMITH, JR.
Director, Princeton University Press.
Princeton, N. J.

American Book Aid

SIR: In *SRL* May 17 you published an appeal by Mr. Emil Lengyel entitled, "Europe's Intellectual Starvation Diet." We fully realize that Mr. Lengyel's purpose was to encourage further aid to Europe, but we do find through our correspondence that he unconsciously gave the impression that very little had been done by the American people in the way of book aid. Since the International Relations Office of the American Library Association has purchased, under Rockefeller Foundation funds, more than 50,000 books and 64,000 volumes of periodicals published during the war years, this impression is erroneous. Nor does this statement take into account the activities of the many national and relief agencies which have distributed books as a part of their reconstruction efforts abroad.

In our last report to the Commission for International Educational Reconstruction, which has been serving as a coordinating office for educational requests, we were able to state that the association's total contributions between January 1, 1946, and June 30, 1947, equaled $680,535.65.

FREDERICK CROMWELL.
Washington, D. C.

The Truman Doctrine

SIR: President Truman's "doctrine" is one of the decisive steps in world history and ought to be clarified. To speak of "might and majesty" and "imperialism" is to bear down on the aspects of this doctrine which violate the American's real basic "way of life." It is more vital than any emotional outburst, in this fateful year, to deepen the public's perception of the "force and dignity" of America's "integrity" in the choices made by her government. These are

the things we must preserve, if we are to believe in ourselves, as a nation still committed to pure motives, as we were when the preamble to our Constitution was written. (If we *sometimes* fail to live up to the motives, we should *always* keep them alive!) In literature, which I suppose is still your field until the name of the magazine is changed, it seems proper to recognize the true values and hopes for which honest people are striving. In satire, melodrama, romance, fable, or straight discourse, any real literature states a basic reality, even though the statement is made through paradox. In this time, as in Kipling's time, the literary value of imperialism is negative. That is, great writing has always brought forth the unavoidable truth about imperialism, that it breeds false pride, arrogance, cruelty, disregard for the dignity of subject peoples, and hatred toward the imperialist, which eventually destroys the empire. Your editorial, "Let the Eagle Scream" [*SRL* March 15] spoke of literature in this vein—

Is that what you want American writers to produce? Or do you want a Buck Rogers sort of unreality, to tempt an unwilling populace down the false trails of mythology—the mythology of the Master Race? No, I know you don't want that. For you love America. You love our way of life. Such a life could not be lived in an America gone feudalist in the Year of Grace 1947!

Spiritual gains are the trends to be noted today. Unless we can win in the spirit, we can no longer win, for matter has been taken out of our control by our own clumsy hands. All lasting victories have always been won in the spirit, anyway. And vice versa. There is the real literary achievement, that this fact has been kept before us by the honest writers of every age.

In considering the Truman Doctrine, it is the American way to criticize if criticism seems due. But to accept, if the Government justifies the policy with honest evidence of good faith with American ideals. For we cannot accept, as a people, any cynical expediency as a national policy. We are not convinced of our own security, if our Government, to whom we have entrusted the true basic American principles, openly and shamelessly announces we have lost our true spiritual force as a democracy, and must now deal in petty politics with the lesser of two evils. We have the power and the intelligence to win in the open, through our commitments in the United Nations. Selah.

MRS. M. C. BURDSAL.
Bellaire, Tex.

Fate of Franz Kafka's Family

SIR: After the Nazi occupation of Prague, in the spring of 1939, little has been heard about the fate of Franz Kafka's close relatives — his three sisters, Elly, Vally, and Ottla. During the war only a few somber rumors about the deportation of the two older ones and an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the huge concentration camp called the Bohemian-Moravian Protectorate of the youngest one, reached the outside world.

It is only now that we learn, from a letter of a friend of the Kafka fam-

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ily, H. Zylberberg, what happened to the sisters of the great Prague writer.

The letter, part of which has been published in the Berlin magazine *Ulenspiegel,* runs as follows:

Franz Kafka's sisters, Elly, Vally, and Ottla, differed very much from each other. Yet in each of them you could recognize one essential character-trait of Franz Kafka.

Elly, the oldest one, was abnormally bashful. When she already was the mother of two big children, she still suffered from blushing and becoming speechless like a young girl. She was very self-conscious about this shortcoming and looked upon it as if it were a sickness. She had the same severe attitude towards herself as Franz had. Her grown-up son died in a concentration camp in France during the war. (The second child vanished.)

Vally resembled her brother through the nobility of her way of thinking and feeling, through her natural elegance, a vivid appreciation of everything perfect, and her youthfulness.

Ottla, the youngest, was tall, brunette, remarkable, with a piercing look and a firm gait. She presented to me her two little daughters, she showed me proudly her vegetarian recipes, she talked about her visits with poor people and her friendship with beggars. Ottla had but a scant literary education. She had had very little time to read. Yet everything she said and did had a deep, almost metaphysical meaning.

The three sisters don't live any more. They died in the Nazi ghettos. Elly and Vally were deported to Lodz in Poland. One did not hear of them since their deportation. They vanished during that terrible general liquidation of Jews, in August and September 1944, when the Nazis sent the inmates of the ghettos in Poland and elsewhere into the crematories.

Ottla had a still more gruesome fate. She was deported to the camp of Terezin (Theresienstadt in Bohemia). One day, there arrived at Terezin a transport of Jewish orphans who were in a special state of horror and alarm. Ottla and a few doctors finally succeeded in winning the confidence of those children whose eyes were still filled with the sight of the frightful things they had witnessed when their parents had been tortured in their presence. The Nazis in charge of Terezin chose these children for a devilish experiment. They announced that they would send this transport and the attending adults abroad. A plan was worked out in long conferences, all the children and attendants got new clothing, they also got special care. Ottla wrote hopefully to her husband, that she was happy to care for children who were so much in need of tenderness. She was sure that she would go with them to Denmark or Sweden. But instead of traveling to liberty, the transport went to Oswiecim and right into the gas chamber. That was all one heard about it. . . .

F. C. WEISKOPF.

New York, N. Y.

Tallentyre, Not Voltaire

SIR: The noblest thing Voltaire ever said, he never said. This most famous, most quoted statement is usually blandly referred to as included in his letter to Helvetius. A casual glance will show that it is not there.

The mystery of the authorship was solved a dozen years ago, but seems not to have been much noticed.

In 1935, Harry Weinberger of New York wrote to the author of a popular biographer of Voltaire, Miss E. Beatrice Hall, who wrote under the pen-name of S. C. Tallentyre. Her answer was published in *The New York Times* Sept. 1, 1935, and ran as follows:

> I have your letter of June 12. I have not a copy of my book "The Friends of Voltaire" with me, but I believe I did use in it the phrase, "I wholly disapprove of what you say, but will defend to the death your right to say it," as a description of Voltaire's attitude to Helvetius's book "On the Mind"—and more widely, to the freedom of expression in general. I do not think, and I did not intend to imply, that Voltaire used these words verbatim, and should be surprised if they are found in any of his works. They are rather a paraphrase of Voltaire's words in the "Essay on Tolerance" —"Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so, too."

RUPERT HUGHES.

Los Angeles, Calif.

U. S. Emigre Descent

SIR: I would make the following comment on the article by Mr. Fairchild [*SRL* May 24]:

Just think that in order to consider admitting 400,000 additional refugees in this country, it has been necessary to write a 450-page book of statistics, research, investigation, discussion, and dissection. If this Land of Liberty of the oppressed and persecuted had one drop of compassionate and humane instinct (supposedly the essence of what we call Christianity) it would take all the D.P.'s from Europe and be glad to get them.

This country was founded by refugees or émigrés, if you will, the early ones because of religious and political persecution and also by the dumping of the dregs of society and criminals from England. The enormous influx of the excess population of the European countries made the greatest contribution to the development of this country in science, industry, agriculture, professions, and all forms of culture. Every person living in the United States is a refugee or a descendant of a one-time refugee, excepting the Indians.

My what a problem 400,000 new persons are in a population of 130,000,000 and more, with every industry crying for more people and great tracts of undeveloped, arable land. Mr. Fairchild says "The immigration problem is an exceedingly complex and difficult one," etc. Yes, it is, to atrophied, intolerant, insolent 200 per cent Americans and the D.A.R.'s, and other organizations and persons of similar ilk.

A. SUBSCRIBER.

Rochester, N. Y.

Johnson Said It First

SIR: I have now lived long enough (too long, if I had my way) to be surprised at nothing this world offers.

Consequently, I am not surprised to read in a recent number of *The Saturday Review* (a copy of which has been lent me by a leading member of my club, London's Literary Underworld, No. 1) Taylor Caldwell's statement: "It was the great writer Samuel Butler who said: 'No man but a blockhead ever wrote, except for money'."

It may, however, possibly surprise Taylor Caldwell to learn that an even greater writer than Samuel Butler, one Samuel Johnson, said this first and much earlier. Authority: "Boswell's Life."

HORACE WYNDHAM.

London, Eng.

Get on New Omnibuses

SIR: Will some benevolent publisher give us collections of: (1) The twenty best Mr. Jorgens stories of Lord Dunsany; (2) The four best Maigret stories of Georges Simenon?

Both of these omnibuses would have a lot more vitality as staples than the usual quickie anthology slapped together these days.

JOHN BARKHAM.

New York, N. Y.

Napoleon's Body

SIR: Somebody (Christopher Morley, I keep telling myself) did a thing all about the removal of Napoleon's body from St. Helena and its subsequent arrival at Paris. It was a carefully detailed piece and may have been a full-length book. Can someone tell me what it is, who wrote it, and where it may be had?

JASON LINDSEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

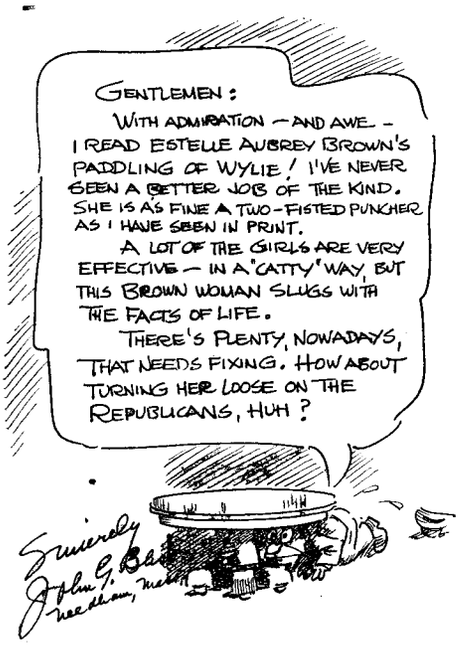
Suggestion for Mr. Platt

SIR: I suggest that Mr. Platt [*SRL* Apr. 12] take along 375 bound, blank pages and write his own damn book; splendid way to while away time.

BARNABY CONRAD.

Williamstown, Mass.

In Mrs. Brown's Corner


GENTLEMEN:
WITH ADMIRATION — AND AWE — I READ ESTELLE AUBREY BROWN'S PADDLING OF WYLIE / I'VE NEVER SEEN A BETTER JOB OF THE KIND. SHE IS AS FINE A TWO-FISTED PUNCHER AS I HAVE SEEN IN PRINT.
A LOT OF THE GIRLS ARE VERY EFFECTIVE — IN A "CATTY" WAY, BUT THIS BROWN WOMAN SLUGS WITH THE FACTS OF LIFE.
THERE'S PLENTY, NOWADAYS, THAT NEEDS FIXING. HOW ABOUT TURNING HER LOOSE ON THE REPUBLICANS, HUH?

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Evolution of the American Press

1. Private Histories

JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Robert W. Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 728 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by ROSCOE ELLARD

THIS latest history of American journalism is, first, factually adequate and historically competent, and, second, it is more than a scholarly volume for journalists and historians. The author has written with the flair of a playwright for dramatic episode. He has collated facts with the story-sense of a feature writer. He has tied in the growth of newspapers in the United States with the social, economic, and political change which inevitably shapes journalism and which journalism inevitably helps to shape.

Two other excellent general histories of journalism in the United States have been published within the last ten years. Dr. Alfred McClung Lee's "The Daily Newspaper in America" emphasizes the sociological aspects of the press, while Dean Frank Luther Mott's "American Journalism" lays more stress on the factual data of the journalistic chronicle and the influence of mechanical invention. Both are scholarly achievements, pretty definitely for the specialist.

Scholarship needs to emphasize content. But the history of journalism as Professor Jones observes, is a lively narrative. There is the long, eternal fight for the right to print the truth and criticize public affairs. In 1690 *Publick Occurrences* was suppressed after one issue for mildly criticizing a military expedition. The greater the truth in those days the greater the guilt of the editor. The effect of Benjamin Harris's "guilt" in America's first-attempted newspaper in 1690 was so profound that no colonist hazarded another journal for fourteen years. And when John Campbell, Boston's postmaster, established the *Boston Newsletter* as a going journalistic concern in 1704, he made a point of keeping on dully safe ground.

But Peter Zenger and his New York *Weekly Journal* were of sterner stuff. In 1734 he was arrested for seditious libel, and his forthright volunteer attorney, Andrew Hamilton, succeeded in establishing the current legal precedent for free speech in the United States—that the truth is sufficient justification.

And Thomas Jefferson was later to declare that if he had to choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without government, he would unhesitatingly choose the newspapers. Yet a prominent public figure recently remarked that government control of newspapers would in his judgment be desirable.

So the narrative of American journalism is still lively, and it reaches into the general reader's, not merely the specialist's life. It is still the story of adventure where national destiny sometimes hangs in the balance. It is the story of the bringing of a weather bureau into being by newspapers, of the bringing of water systems, sanitation, and civic consciousness to many communities, and the bringing of international awareness to a nation that once was isolated by two oceans.

When Stanley Walker wrote his "City Editor" in 1934, women's clubs all over the country began to review it, and the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker all took to reading it. Walker had had a lot of experience in judging what interests people. As city editor then of the *New York Herald Tribune,* he sensed the broad story-value of how newspapers are produced. It seems a little strange that thirteen years should elapse before some writer should present the chronicle of American journalism as an absorbing yet factually faithful epic of the "glut of occurrences," as Benjamin Harris originally described the news.

There are two ways to write a history of journalism. One is to emphasize men and dates with the developing techniques of editorial and publishing methods, the building of mass circulation through telegraph, cable, and rotary printing, and the coming of educational standards and interpretative competence to the newspaper industry on a professional level. That method assumes that the press is the product of men working on an instrument of publication as though it were a device in a laboratory. And there is that indisputable aspect in the development of journalism. Walter Williams once declared that no reader-interest survey could tell an editor without imagination what causes to espouse and what reader-appetites to nourish in order to make his paper indispensable.

When Adolph Ochs started *The New York Times* in 1896, he entered a newspaper field already crowded with successful journals. Competent publishers said he was committing financial suicide. Yet he discerned a reader appetite that no other publisher in New York had discovered, and he began the development of one of the great newspaper properties. When Hugh Graham started the *Montreal Star* in 1869, Melville Stone the *Chicago Daily News* in 1875, and William Rockhill Nelson the *Kansas City Star* in 1880, all three men encountered saturated newspaper fields. Yet within that state of saturation they saw untouched newspaper opportunities which their competitors missed.

The newspaper does have that chronological and personal history. But as Robert E. Park pointed out in "The City," the newspaper has also a *natural* history. "The natural history of the press," Park wrote, "is the history of the surviving newspaper species." A competent history of journalism must take into account the

My Current Reading

SRL has asked a number of well-known public figures to report on their current reading—books they have just read, are reading now, or plan to read shortly. The first list is by **Sumner Welles,** former Under-Secretary of State and author of "The Time for Decision." Two weeks from now Associate Justice Frankfurter reports on his literary findings.

"Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther
"Lions Under the Throne," by Charles P. Curtis, Jr.
"Life of Neville Chamberlain," by Keith Feiling
"The Balkans: Frontier of Two Worlds," by William B. King and Frank O'Brien
"The Unfinished Revolution in China," by Israel Epstein
"Shirt-Sleeve Diplomat," by Josephus Daniels
"Behind the Silken Curtain," by Bartley Crum
"Seen from E. A.," by Herbert Feis
"The Semi-Attached Couple," by Emily Eden
"For The Defense," by Lloyd Paul Stryker

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conditions under which surviving newspapers have taken form. Journalism must make itself a part, an indispensable part, of the social, economic, and political evolution of its country, particularly of its community. For that evolution is itself history, and any surviving species of newspaper must practically and indispensably identify itself with the needs of readers who are part of that constant change. Neither Lee nor Mott ignored this *natural* development of journalism. But Professor Jones in "Journalism in the United States" has made it his major theme. And he has done it with a clarity by which one who runs may read, and with a dramatic interest which will not make it likely that he who reads will run.

Professor Jones was a practising newspaperman for fifteen years. Thereafter he was a teacher of journalism for thirty years more. He has not uncovered anything new in the data of journalism, though, by virtue of his date of publication he has brought the whole chronicle up to date with a discussion of newspaper work in the Second World War, of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Associated Press case, and of the rise of Marshall Field as a newspaper publisher.

He quotes at length such interesting documents as the interview of Horace Greeley with Brigham Young in 1859. He properly credits Greeley with originating the newspaper interview as we know it today. His principal contribution is an interesting organization, a careful sketching in of historical conditions that affected the newspaper, and an incisive characterization of journalistic personalities that leaves them breathing individuals instead of flat names in a record. His two-and-a-half-pound, 728-page volume reminds me of a book displayed in a locked case at the Wisconsin State Fair some years ago. A placard beside it made this amazing claim: "This is the largest textbook on biology ever printed"! Professor Jones's volume, however, has much more than avoirdupois to recommend it.

His discussion of education for journalism leaves a good deal to be desired. It is more deadly factual than the rest of his book. It lists the dates and the principles, but it dismisses too lightly Robert E. Lee's origination of the idea for infusing higher education into newspaper work, omitting entirely the historical situation that prompted Lee to appoint an editor to his faculty and admit fifty sons of editors free of tuition to Washington College. It omits the significant influence of personality and leadership on the part of outstanding teachers, particularly the pioneers. It undervalues the adroit use that educators have made of the valid criticism of the journalism-school idea by experienced editors.

Many indexes are bad. The one in Professor Jones's voluminous study is particularly so.

"Journalism in the United States," however, is both an entertaining and a scholarly book; an up-to-date history of value to specialists and a dramatic story for general readers. And that is a contribution.

Roscoe Ellard is associate dean of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism.

Correction

The review of "The Age of Anxiety," by W. H. Auden, in *SRL* of July 19, through printers' error, was credited to Kathleen Sutton instead of Jeremy Ingalls.

2. In Public Domain

HISTORY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS 1690-1820. *By Clarence S. Brigham. Philadelphia: American Antiquarian Society.* 1947. *Vol. I,* 1,508 *pp. Vol. II,* 757 *pp.* $15.

Reviewed by CARL P. ROLLINS

THE first newspaper published in British North America was Benjamin Harris's *Publick Occurrences,* Boston, September 25, 1690. It was born without benefit of clergy, and for want of an official license it was stopped by the Governor and Council. Its first breath was its last. No mere Governor, however, could put a stop to the desire of Americans from England to possess newspapers, and in the ensuing hundred and thirty years over 2,100 were started in this country. Up to 1800, and in many places much later than that, a few hundred pounds of type and a simple printing press were all the physical equipment necessary. News—some of it not too fresh or even accurate—came into the shop from travelers, ship captains, and the like. "Borrowings" from other newspapers were the order of the day. The chain of newspapers was almost unknown (Isaiah Thomas's was one of the very few exceptions), and copyright did not exist. It was the heyday of free enterprise.

Mr. Brigham's bibliography has been in preparation for thirty-five years, and has appeared serially in the *Proceedings* of the American Antiquarian Society until 1927; the twenty years since then have given time for revision and additions. The bibliography, thus slowly and methodically compiled, is now issued as two thick quarto volumes of over 1,500 pages. The method is simple but sufficient for the purpose of a general check list: each separate newspaper title is entered under the town and state, a brief factual account is then given, and then follows the location of copies. Priority in location is given to complete runs, or the nearest complete, followed by holdings in several libraries, usually those nearest the scene of publication, but as often to the great collections in the American Antiquarian Society, the Harvard College Library, the Library of Congress, the New York Historical Society, etc. Some five hundred libraries and a hundred private collections are listed as repositories of old newspapers. These listings are of great and almost permanent value, because not likely to be changed. Ample indexes of printers, titles, etc., complete the usefulness of these volumes and testify to the invaluable labors of the compiler.

Carl P. Rollins, printer to Yale University since 1920, was editor of The Saturday Review's *quondam column The Compleat Collector.*

Hikers

By Marcia Lee Anderson

HIKERS can't regard the atomic
Age as even slightly comic:
Minerals that they require
Are leaping in the air like fire.
Once they trudged on quartz and granite
Over a highly rocky planet;
Sleek obsidian resistance
Nourished the sense of their existence;
Limestone ledge and marble curve
Flattered every bone and nerve.
But what's the good of nerves and bones
Without answerable stones?
What, in whirling energy,
Can support identity?

Hikers are resourceful men.
They will find a way again
To cancel dry urbane divorce
And cleave again to primal force:
Though memory is famine food
In this imperious latitude,
The agile spirit still can lean
To the slope of the unseen,
Still its muscles joyously
Thrust against infinity,
The hammers of its practiced ear
Steady the whirling atmosphere,
The tensile fibers of its will
Subdue the fierce ethereal hill.

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THE FINE ARTS

PHILADELPHIA'S PRIVATE ARRAY

ON THE train coming home my wife asked: what would Jan van Eyck have said if he had been told that one of his masterpieces would belong eventually to a great art museum in a country then undiscovered but now the most powerful nation in the world? What, indeed? At any rate the superb little van Eyck "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata" hangs in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and with it so rich an assembly of capital works by other masters as to inspire almost incredulous awe. Why do not out-of-town people swarm to the Philadelphia Museum? The trip is easy from New York, Baltimore, and Washington, the trains run often and comfortably, the museum is near the station. Yet the building is sparsely populated, which is agreeable in terms of personal comfort, but seems disrespectful to the great figures of art history, who need warmth and adulation as much as the living.

There is an added reason for going to Philadelphia this summer. Until late September the museum is showing paintings, drawings, and prints from local private collections—an exceptional array, probably not to be equaled in any American city except New York. However, before giving due praise to the show, I want to complain about the galleries in which this and other loan exhibitions are installed in the museum. All along one wall the galleries have big windows just above eye level. Pictures are hung on this wall for reasons of space, and to see them you must shade your eyes and stand disturbingly close. At one point in the current exhibition, for example, there is a magnificent little Vuillard, painted with the atmospheric tremble and porous light that Vuillard handled so magically during the 1890's and very early 1900's. If you know Vuillard's virtues beforehand you can find them here, by peering and cupping your eyes, but they do not come out to greet you as they would under more hospitable conditions. The museum building is huge. There must be better gallery space available in it.

Philadelphia collectors, as represented in the exhibition, have concentrated on French art. Of 107 paintings shown, only nine are by American artists, while in the section devoted to

watercolors, drawings, and prints, thirty-five out of ninety-seven items are American. I have heard a dark moral adduced from these figures, on the grounds that Philadelphians owe native art greater respect, their city having produced or trained many of our most famous artists, from the eighteenth century to the present. I sympathize with this argument to a certain degree, but it would be dishonest for collectors to buy anything except what they really like. Moreover, it may well be that the cosmopolitanism reflected in these collections is part of the atmosphere which has catalyzed some of the city's artists, either negatively or positively. Perhaps it was Philadelphia's gentility that drove members of "The Eight" to New York, there to found a school of rough-and-ready realism forty years ago. Other artists, like Charles Demuth and Franklin Watkins, have derived strength from the city's idiosyncratic and powerful urbanity. Quite clearly Philadelphia cannot merely be tolerated by artists; they must either take it, as did Eakins, or leave it, as did Mary Cassatt. And so far as the collectors are concerned, it is interesting to note that most of the American works in the show are by twentieth-century artists, so that appreciation of local talent is on the increase.

If the pictures in the exhibition are nearly all Parisian, they are not restricted to the usual Impressionist-School of Paris span. The show begins chronologically with two Davids and an early Ingres, and to compare Henry P. McIlhenny's famous David, "Pope Pius VII and Cardinal Caprara" (1805), with his fine early Ingres portrait of the Countess De Tournon (1812), is to note one of those shifts in the spirit of society and art which sometimes occur abruptly. The David retains vestiges of Grand Style pomp. The master had painted the Pope alone earlier in 1805, on Napoleon's demand, and had refused to kneel while working, though he had been forced to wear a special costume. But soon he was referring to Pius VII as "my good Pope," and the later, McIlhenny portrait reveals his veneration. The Ingres portrait of the Countess De Tournon is different in temper, as though dignity were less of a controlling factor than the relentless search for truth. The hard, gleaming, homely Countess typifies the beginning of a new society in which artist and portrait-subject meet as contestants rather than as idol and courtier.

Ingres's great rival Delacroix, usually neglected by modern American collectors, is represented by three paintings, including Mr. and Mrs. R. Sturgis Ingersoll's fine "Christ on the Sea of Galilee" and Mr. McIlhenny's "Death of Sardanapalus," a small late version of the celebrated picture in the Louvre, inspired by Lord Byron's "Sardanapalus." The Louvre's painting was executed, in the artist's own words, "as an *Asiatic* feat of prowess against the *Spartan* imitations of David's school," and both it and the McIlhenny version summarize to extraordinary degree the Romantic cult for exotic violence, as the Assyrian king, his wives, and his possessions go to their destruction in a fury of intertwined action. It would be difficult in fact to imagine a more tumultuous expression of the Romantic spirit, though Victor Hugo calmly declared that the Louvre's painting should have shown the fire which was the king's instrument of suicide for himself and his court. "This lovely scene would be far more beautiful," said the poet, "if it had a corbel of flames for a base." But Delacroix knew that enough was enough. Anyway, he particularly disliked being compared to Hugo, and in later years he had his revenge for the poet's criticism. "Hugo's work," he said, "resembles the rough draft of a man of talent; he says everything that comes into his head."

THE mid-nineteenth century is handsomely represented in the Philadelphia show, not by Courbet, but by a pre-Impressionist Monet, "The Terrace at Le Havre," belonging to the Rev. and Mrs. Theodore Pitcairn, and by a Manet, "Departure of the Folkstone Boat," from the collection of

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Mr. and Mrs. Carroll S. Tyson. The latter collection also includes a far more famous Manet, "Le Bon Bock," but I for one much prefer the smaller Folkstone picture. As John Rewald has pointed out in his excellent "History of Impressionism," Manet was an artist who lacked pictorial imagination. Hence he had difficulty finding subjects, and quite often used those of earlier painters, giving them new life through his dazzling technical fluency. The lack need not have worried Manet as much as it did, since Cézanne and Renoir were already proving that the simplest motifs could be given tremendous significance. But it did worry him very much apparently, and in many of his best-known pictures he wrestles too hard with iconography and is out of breath, whereas when he put down what appealed to him easily—a stretch of seacoast or a gracious model—he worked with fantastic eloquence and freshness. Degas, on the other hand, had varied and supple gifts for pictorial invention. His "Interior" (1875) from Mr. McIlhenny's collection shows his early instinct for dramatic subjects, portraying a rather mysterious psychological crisis between a man and a woman in a darkened room. Then there are several later Degas pictures in the show, belonging to various collectors, which show how he abandoned dramatic story-telling for dramatic placing, as in the striking pastel "Mary Cassatt at the Louvre."

The 1880's—that golden decade in recent art—are represented at Philadelphia by a series of major works by Cézanne, Renoir, van Gogh, and Degas, owned by collectors already mentioned and by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel S. White, III, Mr. and Mrs. John Wintersteen, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe M. de Schauensee, and Mrs. Herbert C. Morris. The level of quality here is for the most part high, and two points of climax are provided by Mr. McIlhenny's Seurat, "The Models," a study for the large picture by the same name belonging to Dr. Albert C. Barnes of Merion, who does not like the Philadelphia Museum as well as I do, and by the incredible Renoir "Les Grandes Baigneuses," from the Tyson collection. The two pictures illustrate at top form the hieratic grandeur which the French masters of this period were able to give subjects related to their epoch. The Renoir is perhaps the culmination of that master's attempt to stiffen Impressionism's backbone by the reintroduction of linear bracing. While I was looking at it, a woman explained to her companion: "He had all that blue on his palette, so he had to use it up." Well, Renoir had absolute genius on his palette, too, and he used it unstintingly here.

THE exhibition moves toward the twentieth century via several fine Lautrecs, an admirable group of Mary Cassatt's color prints, several first-rate lithographs in color by Vuillard and the Douanier Rousseau's "Storm in the Jungle," belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clifford. Included are several early pictures by Picasso, whose Blue and Rose periods constitute a bonus such as no other living revolutionary artist can offer from his youth. But the twentieth century really gets going with an important Rouault of 1906, here politely called "The Sirens," though its subjects are clearly veteran members of the oldest profession. There follows a group of paintings by such modern artists as Braque, Chagall, de Chirico, Juan Gris, Modigliani, Miró, Peter Blume, Marsden Hartley, Bonnard, Vuillard, Eugene Berman, Franklin Watkins, and others. The great Philadelphia favorite apparently is Henri Matisse, whose decorative works of the mid-1920's and late 1930's occur in several collections, handsome, serene, but lacking, for me anyway, the substance and fire of the earlier canvases in the Ingersoll collection. With younger collectors like Mr. and Mrs. Clifford and Mr. and Mrs. H. Gates Lloyd, the show takes a more advanced turn—several beautiful Mirós, a saintly and impressive Mondrian, a top-quality Rouault of 1918, two big Picassos of the 1930's which make the late Matisses look mild indeed. And even if the painting section were eliminated entirely, it would be worth going to Philadelphia to see the collectors' watercolors, drawings, and prints, not to mention the lordly possessions of the museum itself.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Sea Imagery

A PRIVATE HISTORY. By John Hay. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 61 pp. $2.

Reviewed by STARR NELSON

THERE is fresh and stimulating poetry in "A Private History," by John Hay, Harvard graduate and Army veteran, whose grandfather was Lincoln's private secretary and later Secretary of State under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Whether much or little of the earlier John Hay lives in this poetry, I know not; but its blood is richly red. "Scar me with atoms and the metal sun," it exults, "I can be proof of all anatomies."

Aside from the title-poem, with its interpolated excerpts from the diary of a wounded GI, there are few "war poems" in the book. But the poet's maturity of expression obviously is the fruit of an intensive sharing in the twentieth century's apogee of experience to date, plus considerable subsequent reflection on his own part. His special qualities of verdant energy and originality sans sensationalism are ingrained, one feels.

Whether at home or abroad, the New Englander's Atlantic washes through John Hay's poetry. Like his contemporary Robert Lowell, he is at his best in poems where the sea has left its mark. "The Herring Run," "Man of the Sea," "Herons," "A Kingdom's Vanity," are outstanding in this volume. Sea images even carry him over into the stratosphere, and most effectively, too, in such lines as:

> In perpetual danger, edged with dreams, the planes
> Push through the air, deliberate as whales . . .

One or two of his poems, "Penny on the Track" and "The Gull," convey an almost jet-propulsive rush of movement. "A Room of Birds" is an ambitious poem and packed with interesting lines, though occasionally it suffers (as do other of the poems) from an overblown phrase—"And the roses grow like stallions in the ground." "The Bowery" is a bit overblown all through. And "One World," a little less succinct than the immortal "War Is Hell," is, categorically, hardly more of a poem. First lines of poems are often stunning, final lines weak.

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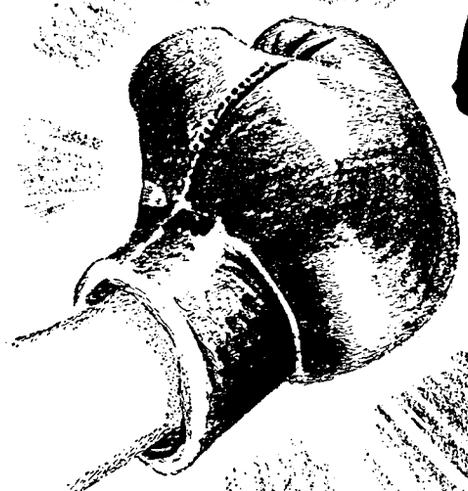

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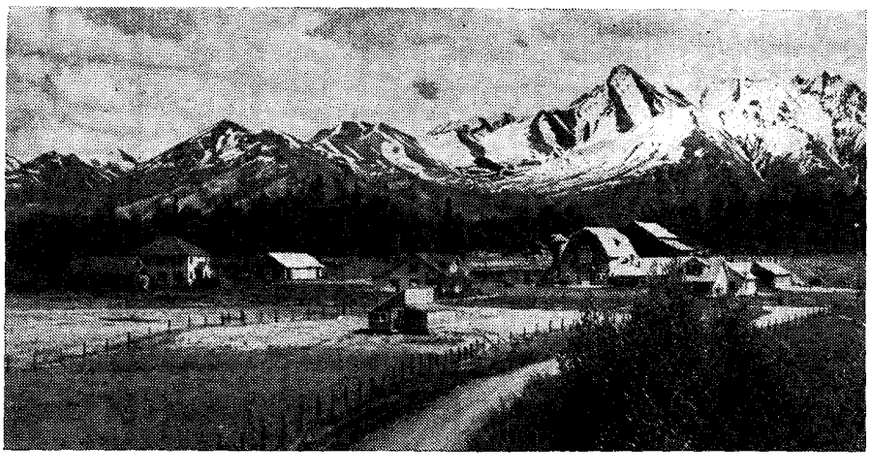

—*Northwest Airlines Photo.*

Alaska's Matanuske Valley—"an igloo wouldn't have an Eskimo's chance. . . ."

THE MIDNIGHT SUN ALSO RISES

FOUR FARES TO JUNEAU. By Marie Small. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 237 *pp.* $2.75.

INTRODUCING ALASKA. By J. B. Caldwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 202 *pp.* $3.75.

FLYING NORTH. By Jean Potter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 252 *pp.* $3.75.

ALASKA BECKONS. By Marius Barbeau. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1947. 330 *pp.* $4.50.

ALASKA: LAND OF TOMORROW. By Edward A. Herron. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 232 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

MARIE SMALL'S story of a family of four—parents and two children of seven and five—starting life anew in the capital of Alaska is one of the most charmingly written true adventure stories in many a year. Though an unpretentious personal narrative, it is in its implications one of the really important and significant contributions to the swelling literature of Alaska. For, better than any guidebook, it conveys the fragrance and atmosphere of a part of Alaska, reveals what would-be pioneers in our Northern Territory will encounter and the qualities that they need to succeed. The story of Marie and Jim's efforts to make a livelihood and a home, starting with no funds (for it was Jim's joblessness in Seattle that gave them the Alaska idea) is a grim epic of adversity overcome by courage, determination, endurance, and adaptability. And they discovered what attracted them in Alaska and made their struggle worth while: freedom from the restrictions of populated areas. No prospective pioneers in Alaska should fail to read this book before making their plans.

On the other hand, specific information about Alaska that is current and dependable on a great variety of subjects is much needed. Mr. Caldwell in his "Introducing Alaska" supplies it in objective fashion but with enough penetrating comment to show a thorough understanding of the problems that confront the territory. Tiny appropriations by Congress prevent adequate protection of fish and wild life, Alaska's greatest natural assets. Red tape ensnarls the getting of land for homesteading; the excessive transportation rates stifle development. Caldwell's thoroughly sound conclusion is that "the only solution in sight is statehood." All travelers to Alaska will find this excellent compendium useful.

Alaskans are the most air-minded of all Americans. They fly about thirty times as much, by every standard of measurement, as the citizens of the States. The Alaskan bush pilot who pioneered in aviation in the territory is the successor in the Alaskan saga to the Gold Rusher and prospector of the Klondike. His story has been vividly told in Jean Potter's "Flying North" in a way that reveals much about the daily life of Alaskans.

"Alaska Beckons," an ethnological study of the Alaskan native races, written by a well-known Canadian anthropologist and folklorist, furnishes a useful background for those interested in the territory's aboriginal cultures. Arthur Price's illustrations materially enhance the text.

"Alaska: Land of Tomorrow" is a lively, readable, over-all picture of contemporary Alaska. It deals with every phase of Alaskan life, political, economic, social, in breezy journalistic fashion. Its occasional factual errors are minor and are more than balanced by a shrewd perspective and intelligent appraisal of the complexity of factors that make Alaska what it is today.

Former managing editor of the Boston Traveler, *the* Boston Journal, *the* New York Tribune, *and* The Nation, *one-time general manager of* La Prensa, *and author of "Mexico and Its Heritage," Ernest Gruening, M.D., is the Governor of Alaska.*

Also Worth Reading

Alaska Holiday. By Barrett Willoughby. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 296 pp. $3. (Colorful, first-hand tales by the daughter of an old Alaska trader.)

Alaska Challenge. By Ruth and Bill Albee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1944. 366 pp. $3. (Man and wife mush the trackless wastes.)

Highway to Alaska. By Herbert C. Lanks. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1944. 200 pp. $5. (The words and the pictures collected on a 12,000-mile wartime jeep ride.)

An Artist Sees Alaska. By Henry Varnum Poor. New York: Viking Press. 1945. 250 pp. $3.50. (The painter and muralist who went north with the War Department's artist unit. Includes pen-and-ink sketches.)

Opportunity in Alaska. By George Sundborg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 302 pp. $2.50. (The handy guide if you're going to stay.)

Report on Alaska

ASK a U. S. resident about Alaska, and he will talk of ice, igloos, Indians, whale blubber, and the gold rush, in that approximate order. Actually an igloo wouldn't have an Eskimo's chance during Alaska's summer season which warms up to a high of 57 degrees in the

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southeast, soars to a searing 90 at Fairbanks and along the Yukon Valley.

There are 600,000 square miles of Alaska, an area about twice the size of Texas. Booming, mushrooming Anchorage, largest city in the territory, has a population of 12,000, about equal, let us say, to Junction City, Kan., or Coraopolis, Pa. All told, some 90,000 persons live—perhaps half as volubly as Texans—in the vastness of this still nearly virgin territory, caroming back and forth in airplanes like a bagful of marbles let loose in a museum.

If the top of Alaska were tacked on the U. S.-Canadian border, and the territory fitted over the Midwest, it would blanket Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois, shade a part of Kansas, and cover half of Nebraska, Missouri, and the Dakotas. The western tip of the Aleutians would lie in California, the southern end of the panhandle in Georgia. In this immense area lies perhaps the greatest expanse of unmanned tourist attractions in the world. For thousands of miles Alaska has magnificent mountains, fjords, and glaciers, which its businessmen realize, unlike the fish and the gold, will never be completely exhausted.

About 20,000 tourists are scheduled to visit Alaska this summer, a pitifully small number which will nevertheless seriously overtax the hotel and transportation accommodations. There are only five American passenger ships in the entire Alaska trade, and all are sold out through the fall. Canadian Pacific and Canadian National, which have ship service up the inside passage, closed out 1947 reservations a year ago. Travel on the celebrated Alaska Highway is still subject to restriction. A well-graded, gravel-surfaced, utilitarian artery, it needs service stations and tourist camps to augment its rustic, widely-spaced present facilities.

Plane seats are relatively easy to obtain via Northwest Airlines, to Anchorage, and via Pan American Airways flying out of Seattle to Ketchikan, Juneau, Whitehorse, Fairbanks, and Nome. What to do with plane passengers upon arrival is another question. Fairbanks, Anchorage, and Nome report their situation as "desperate," and Ketchikan is only slightly better off. Juneau with its excellent Baranof Hotel still has some space open.

Conducted packet tours offer virtually the only means of seeing Alaska this year. Pan Pacific Tours of Seattle, specialists in Alaska travel, has six different tours this summer. Its 60-day quality trip offers everything from a flight over the Arctic circle to a porpoise steak aboard a private yacht. There are also six-day cruises up the inside passage to Ketchikan, and the first Alaska Highway tours were begun this year.

For sportsmen Pan American publishes an intricate game chart, plumps the slogan, "More time to kill." Private parties of outdoorsmen can charter yachts through Campbell Church, Jr., in Seattle and make their own itinerary at a cost of about $30 a day per person. Hunters will also invade the interior by stern-wheel steamer, seaplane, and canoe to stalk Kodiak bear, caribou, moose, timber wolf, mountain goat, grouse, and ptarmigan.

Said a U. S. Government surveyor in 1901, "The Alaska Coast is to become the showplace of the earth, and pilgrims not only from the United States, but from far beyond will flock to see it." Says Ernest Gruening, for the past seven years Governor of the territory, "Tourist travel is the biggest potential Alaska has got. We need better shipping, better air service, and

HEROES who flew by the seat of their pants

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Jean Potter tells the story of the amazing—and amusing—exploits of those famed flying heroes, the "bush pilots" of Alaska. Men like Carl Ben Eielson, whose 1928 trans-Arctic hop is regarded by aviation experts as more daring than Lindbergh's hop to Paris; Bob Reeve, uncanny glacier flyer; Archie Ferguson, called "the world's craziest pilot"—and many others who helped build Alaska into the "flyingest land" under the American flag.

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By **JEAN POTTER**

who spent a year and a half in Alaska talking and flying with the men she tells about in this book.

The Flying North

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more accommodations. Give it five to ten years. . . ."

Already World War II has advanced Alaska a good fifty years, and the cessation of hostilities never stopped the government development program. Alaska still gets the vitamin of supply and the catalyst of construction bought and paid for by the Army and Navy.

As any sourdough will tell you, from Nome on a clear day you can see Siberia. From Washington, which has few clear days, some claim to have seen it too.

HORACE SUTTON.

A Whaler to His Love

LOGBOOK FOR GRACE. By Robert Cushman Murphy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 290 pp. $4.

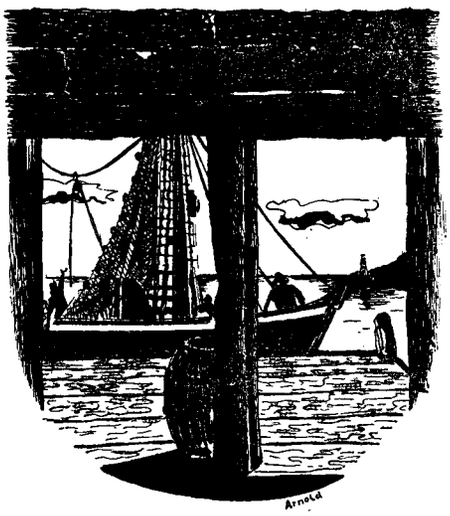
Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS book is the account of a year-long cruise in a whaler, made by a young naturalist half a lifetime ago. It is a distillation of the journal-letters he wrote his bride of three months during his ordeal on a ship 125 feet long, in which thirty-odd sailormen lived and endured for longer than one cares to think of hardship, danger, loneliness, and excitement both spiritual and physical. The reviewer has no hesitation in stating that it is very good reading.

Dr. Murphy, now one of our best ornithologists, observes in his preface that "if part of the intellectual or emotional content of the book seems boyish, that is as it should be." Perhaps some of it does trench on the boyish. But there is no denying the vividness with which he describes a hundred episodes on the long sail from Barbados via the Cape Verde Islands and Fernando Noronha to South Georgia, half an ocean east of Cape Horn, and back to Barbados by way of the bird-thronged rock of Trindade.

Perhaps the most interesting parts of the book are those which deal with South Georgia, one of the most desolate of all Earth's islands, whither they went to massacre innumerable sea-elephants. About the size of Long Island, but white, serrated, and streaked with many glaciers, South Georgia was even then the hunting-ground of a mechanized whaling-company, whose operators grew roses in their "steam-heated igloos." There Dr. Murphy saw the mechanical slaughter of the hundred-foot Blue Whale which had successfully defied the harpoons of Nantucket and New Bedford for over a century. But his real sport came on shore, where probably no more than half a dozen qualified naturalists had preceded him. He made the most of the great chance, and there are many less skilful than he when it comes to imparting the excitement and pleasure of discovery. In those bitter wastes it is something to see and hear the Georgia Pipit, southernmost of the world's songbirds. And he had the odd experience of dreaming that he had found the nest of the Diving Petrel, a thing unknown. Some days later he actually did find it, and the reality was like the dream. South Georgia evidently provides quite a pageant. It would be fun to see the wandering albatrosses at their ease in a green oasis of tussock grass, and so huge that from a little distance they look "like a flock of sheep." The monstrous sea-elephants, floundering and dying on the bloody shingle, would be less attractive. And the hideous ferocity of the skua gull, hit off with accuracy of a sort which scientists seldom attain, makes one wince.

Dr. Murphy deliberately chose Darwin's narrative of the *Beagle's* wandering as his model. Many passages remind the reader of that work, because of straightforwardness and simple effectiveness. Another naturalist, whom Dr. Murphy does not mention, has clearly had a profound and appropriate influence upon him. White of Selbourne would have approved of the brief, apt strokes of description, as he would have given his eye-teeth to know in what uttermost parts of the sea Dr. Murphy encountered the European swallow, wing-weary at last. The reviewer, for one, enjoyed thoroughly the clear-cut pictures of bird and beast which adorn a tale not without its epic overtones.



Greek Sunlight

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK. By George Demetrios. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 245 pp. With drawings by the author. $2.75.

Reviewed by PETER GRAY

"DON'T Take Yourself Too Seriously," the fifth in this collection of sketches and stories of Greeks in Macedonia and Boston, is a conversation piece—easy, rambling, and as unpretentious as good conversation can be. Two villagers entertain each other with reminiscences, proverbial wisdom, and original observations. Occasionally they speak of important matters, but always unimportantly, sometimes playfully, in a tone suitable to Socrates. It is the tone of most of this book.

Several of the stories have the authentic lustre of the best folk tales that are repeated winter after winter around Greek hearths. They deal with the ridiculousness of the greedy, the defeat of the arrogant, the success of young lovers, and the adventures of a wily man traveling homeward, after a long absence, to a faithful wife. These two are unassuming in tone and give the Greek quality of intellectual enjoyment.

"The Pigs and the Candles" and "The Greek Atheist"—both presenting admirable pictures of lonely immigrants in America—remind one of certain of Chekhov's stories because of their reality and compassion and vitality. Another story, about a shopkeeper who put a Main Entrance sign over his door, reminds one of old joke books, and should have been omitted from this otherwise altogether pleasing volume.

George Demetrios is a sculptor, born in Macedonia. According to his publishers, stories of Abraham Lincoln excited him in his childhood to leave his clan of eighty-four persons—all under one roof—and come to America. Here he has had a colorful career as a worker, student, artist, and teacher. His stories in "When Greek Meets Greek" may not persuade Americans to go to Greek Macedonia, but they will give them a new and valuable insight into that troubled part of the world. Often it seems that Mr. Demetrios was thinking in Greek sunlight as he wrote this book, for his quickness and clarity and ease, his immediacy, are native to that brilliant atmosphere. We can be very grateful to this storyteller who does not take himself too seriously, this artist whose stories, while he tells them and illustrates them, are more important than himself.

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Vitalizing the Village

THE SMALL COMMUNITY LOOKS AHEAD. By Wayland J. Hayes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 270 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. LYND

THERE is some tendency to paraphrase Lincoln's statement about the common people when one discusses "the small community." This probably derives from the nostalgia so many of us feel for the securities of our small-town childhoods. Amid the speed and confusions of present living we turn back to that happy world in which barefoot boys played marbles and spun tops in the middle of quiet streets all through long sunny afternoons and in which everybody called you by your first name.

Of course it is a mirage. Human meanness digs itself in in the village, right next door and in the house across the street, and dwells there with the shades up and the windows open. And the saints, who are supposed to abound in this simple environment, can also be tight-lipped and sadistic.

The one inescapable asset of the village and small town is that human contacts are easier; one has to go to extraordinary lengths to be a hermit there. But as living has come to offer more and subtler alternatives involving more complicated and expensive institutions, the small community of under 10,000, and even up to 25,000, has lagged behind at an increasing disadvantage. It takes a larger than "small" community to have a first-rate public school system nowadays. Likewise, public libraries must have considerably larger collections of books and periodicals today in order to meet even minimum standards of adequacy. One can list a number of these cultural, social, and health services which require a relatively large population base either to finance them or to make selective association around special tastes and interests possible.

Professor Hayes's book comes out of the earnest quest for a richer community life fostered so effectively by sociologists in our state universities. Although he deals here more concretely with Southern communities, the book is intended to apply to other regions as well. Three of the nine chapters are worth the general reader's attention: "The Planning Process in Tennessee Valley Communities," "The University and the Small Community," which analyzes three types of university-sponsored local programs, and "Citizens' Workshops." The ten rules for launching and developing local programs formulated by Professor Brunner, appearing on pages 171-172, should be thumbtacked on the wall in front of everyone who seeks to influence the life of his community.

But beyond these three chapters only the plodding reader will venture. For the other six chapters are largely padding—the sort of padding that makes a fellow professor wince in anxious self-scrutiny: so earnest, so full of obvious facts, careful footnotes, and references to sources like "Sinclair Lewis's famous novel 'Main Street'"—and so dull. Professor Hayes speaks of "the strategic importance of the small community." Certainly he is correct that the recovery of vitality by American democracy must include the quickening of these thousands of small communities. But strategic things require strategic thinking; and I get the uneasy feeling that this book offers us only tactics, with strategic considerations evaporating into words.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "H. M. S. Pinafore," W. S. Gilbert. 2. "Lady Windermere's Fan," Oscar Wilde. 3. "Craig's Wife," George Kelley. 4. "Pygmalion," George Bernard Shaw. 5. "She Stoops to Conquer," Oliver Goldsmith. 6. "Conversation Piece," Noel Coward. 7. "Waiting for Lefty," Clifford Odets. 8. "The Way of the World," William Congreve. 9. "Our Town," Thornton Wilder. 10. "The Merchant of Venice," William Shakespeare. 11. "Paris Bound," Philip Barry. 12. "The Gods of the Mountain," Lord Dunsany. 13. "Journey's End," R. C. Sherriff. 14. "The Admirable Crichton," James M. Barrie. 15. "Men in White," Sidney Kingsley. 16. "High Tor," Maxwell Anderson. 17. "The Great God Brown," Eugene O'Neill. 18. "The Guardsman," Ferenc Molnar. 19. "Biography," S. N. Behrman. 20. "The School for Scandal," Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 21. "Idiot's Delight," Robert Sherwood. 22. "Street Scene," Elmer Rice. 23. "The Silver Cord," Sidney Howard. 24. "The Green Pastures," Marc Connelly. 25. Cyrano de Bergerac," Edmond Rostand.

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Fairy-Tale Formula Reversed

RETURN TO NIGHT. By Mary Renault. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 412 pp. $3.

Reviewed by PAMELA TAYLOR

THIS is a novel reversal of the old and beloved fairy-tale formula. Instead of the prince who sets the beautiful damsel free from the dark spells of some malign enchantment, we have a heroine, armed with the wisdom of psychosomatic medicine, rescuing the hero from the dark spells of some malign destiny as a first-rate actor, as well as an adult, confident man.

Young Dr. Hilary Mansell is thirty-four, keen, courageous, decisive. She is slowly recovering her equilibrium in a quiet, English country practice, after the double blow of an unhappy love affair with another doctor, and failure to secure a coveted appointment as assistant to a brilliant surgeon. When Julian Fleming is thrown from his horse Hilary's decision in favor of an operation saves his life. When her patient, with his spectacular good looks and effortless, impeccable manners, recovers, a passionate love affair begins. The young doctor is involved in a double struggle, against her love itself, so unwise in every obvious way, for Julian is eleven years her junior, and against the terrible silver cords of compensation and revenge with which his mother has bound a son whose beauty only reopens the wounds made years before by his father.

Psychoanalysis being as popular on the screen, today, apparently, as it is in fiction, it is not hard to see why this English novel was chosen for the Third MGM Annual Award. Here is the very stuff of a film which will undoubtedly be enormously popular. Indeed one suspects that as a moving picture it will be altogether more satisfactory than as a novel. When author and reader have cooperated successfully to bring to life one or more characters (such cooperation being the essence of good fiction) the life thus kindled remains vivid in the imagination of the reader, probably in exact proportion to the talent of the author. That which in the confines of this book is described as a beautiful and moving love affair can finally end only in disaster; of so much the task upon which the heroine embarks convinces us. But in the more compact world of the film where, except in the rare cases of really great cinema, the end is indeed reached when the houselights go on, it may be possible to escape the doubts of the future, marveling only at the modern magic of the mind, which brings two lovers to the accepted ending of all fairy-tales.

Incredible Child

SING, BRAT, SING. By René Fülöp-Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 191 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by
CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN

IN "Sing, Brat, Sing" Mr. Fülöp-Miller casts what amounts to a quarry of abuse at youthful genius. In a middle Europe "Street Scene" tenement house the incredible Kiki lives, breathes, and has her altogether vile being. At four years of age she is laden with malicious evil. Supported by her slaving seamstress mother, she devils her, teases her paralyzed grandmother, demands excessive attention of the overworked, unpaid servant girl. Her energies are unleashed by her imitation of the broken-down singer whose daily pitiful practising is wafted up the airshaft. Fortuitously, an alert agent hears the clear young voice and, presto, contracts deluged Kiki. Tours, flowers, gifts, money, flood the family. The old star being Kiki's Svengali, the game is up and the song is ended when she dies. Hopeless poverty once more sets in, and we leave Mama about to beat her baby to what we trust is an authoritative pulp.

This child is disgusting. Subjecting adults to endless humiliations for her pleasure, she gets whatever she desires. Tormented beyond endurance, her good father commits suicide. She causes the death of her grandmother by fright and fearful peckings at the old lady's person. She makes the maid sing obscene songs. She forces adults to kneel, to dance, to bow, to ride broomsticks, and to cut physically embarrassing capers. All for a song yielding immense lucre.

Mr. Fülöp-Miller could certainly do with a more incisive, less awkward title. His habit of repeating dialogue in the mind of a character tends to divert attention and interest. But the fundamental fallacy of the book is its infinite exaggeration. We can despise Kiki in the abstract, but find not only her personality but the fruits of her triumph too excessive for fact.

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Puppet Under Tyrant

BEND SINISTER. By Vladimir Nabokov. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 242 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. NABOKOV is a writer of tremendous technical powers, and it goes almost without saying that the actual plot of the book at hand is its least important part. We can come to that in a moment. Nabokov has mastered every kind of virtuosity that has been developed in this century. Naturally he owes a great deal to Joyce; it is there to be seen in the asides and the several (and simultaneous) depths of consciousness, in the bardic phrases, in the incessant literary recalls (which is all right here since the hero, Adam Krug, is a university professor).

And there is, of course, the final definitive signature — a conscious tribute to the master, I should say —when Nabokov stops his narrative cold, to insert a long and fanciful dialogue on Shakespeare and "Hamlet," as Joyce did in "Ulysses." I do not, of course, speak of imitation. This is a matter of proceeding from the source. Nabokov is an artist in his own right, entirely and easily at home in the worlds of the conscious and the subconscious, lighting them with a display of literary fireworks that must delight every literate reader.

He is not Joyce's equal, and does not need to be, but there is no harm in pointing out that "Ulysses" contained also, behind its fireworks and within its intricacies, a spirit in profound agony. I miss the spirit in Nabokov's book, particularly in view of its announced program: a novel of man under the tyrant state. Krug is the man: a stalwart anarchist throwing his weight about uncompromisingly within a parental state. He is unconcerned, he is contemptuous, he is foolhardy. He knew Paduk, the dictator, when they were schoolmates, and regards him still as the repulsive toad he was then. Krug's thoughts, his involved and highly expressive mental life, are the only commentary upon Paduk and his fascist regime (in this nameless country, with its very language created by Nabokov for the occasion). This is the book: Krug against the state.

It is a drama we know only too well. And, as we read it here it seems somehow desiccated, fleshless, a distant clash remembered and echoed in contempt. Or, to suggest another analogy, it seems to have receded too deeply into too remote, if meticulously formed, an image. The thing has the dimensions of a fantasy seen through the small end of a telescope. Krug, the observer, is real, but not Paduk, not his minions, not his crimes and his victims, not the whole panorama of his evil state. Not even Krug's bereavements, his tears, his fears. There is the shadow of a fear, and the echo of an outcry—but it is all in the disembodied and fathomless memory of the beholder Krug. And when Nabokov himself steps in deliberately at the end, like the puppet-master, and draws up his strings and removes Krug, why then the disillusion is complete. Brilliant, brilliant, but after all it was not real, he was not hurt, we need not be concerned, there is the puppet hanging, and here is the master himself, large as life, smiling at us.

It Can Happen Here

SENECA, U. S. A. By John Roeburt. New York: Samuel Curl, Inc. 1947. 255 pp. $2.50.

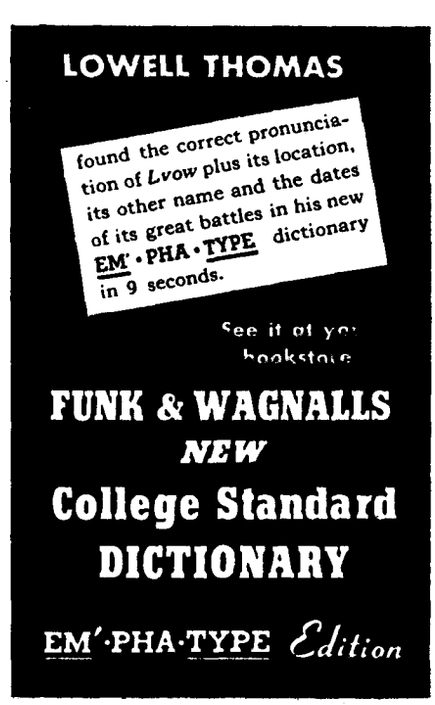
Reviewed by ARTHUR C. FIELDS

APPEARING as a dangerous menace to a world already exhausted from past conflicts, anti-Semitism leaves a bitter taste in the mouth; it reminds us that there is no resting place on the road to peace; it is a living proof justifying the total destruction of any element of hatred existing anywhere in our world today. The thought of thousands of starving children wandering through a Europe which has not yet forgotten the stigma attached to the Star of David is certainly not pleasant to contemplate. Nor are the pleas of a people fighting for their very lives easy to ignore. No, anti-Semitism isn't funny, and therefore when a book appears that regards it as good copy—a "sure bet" for public consumption — something ought to be done about it.

Hailed in advance comment as a "striking contribution to the struggle against the virus of native fascism," "Seneca, U. S. A." probes dutifully into the infectious soul of the "hate racket." It tells the inside story of the birth and growth of an organization known as the "Jesocrats," an organization run by Victor, a hunchback movie attendant, who writes long essays on how "The Jew Debases Us." Gathering his crowd of sympathizers, Victor declares war on Milton Kahn, a Jew who "believed almost fanatically in assimilation; [who] bitterly assailed the professional hierarchs who held Jews together as Jews for their own profit and pleasure." Through Victor's instigation, Milton Kahn and his entire family are wiped out, leaving justice to Shep Ward, the managing editor of the *Seneca Leader*.

Shep, as the main exponent of honor in the story, is a singularly over-complicated individual. Torn between the hateful policies of his murdered employer and a growing dissatisfaction with himself, he blunders on stubbornly through the book until he finally decides to expose this subversive group through the public press. By that time, most of the characters have sprouted out like so many garden weeds and the reader is justifiably suspicious that Seneca can ever be put to rights again.

At first glance, there seems to be nothing wrong with this as another crusade against anti-Semitism. But that is just the point: it is just a first glance, a convenient substitution of anti-Semitism for "Complication" in the plot structure. A cursory treatment of a vital world problem, introduced to flavor the writing with a pinch of social significance, is, in this reviewer's opinion, an usurpation of literary license. "Seneca, U. S. A." exploits anti-Semistim as popular plot material. Let's hope that in the future writers will spare their readers the shame of literary prostitution.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Curious, Furious Personality

THE SHORTER POEMS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Selected and Edited by J. B. Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 86 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

IN HIS judgmatical introduction to this brief selection of Landor's shorter poems Mr. Sidgwick manages to tell us a good deal about the curious, furious personality whose most celebrated poems are, paradoxically, the last word in exquisite strictness, proportion, and orderly perfection. For most of his eighty-nine years Landor was at war with single spies or with battalions. He fought with schoolmasters, his Oxford pastors and masters, his father, his wife, his children, the law, and, of course, with lawyers. It was early observed that few men had a more appropriate middle name. A lady, Mr. Sidgwick tells us, complained that the pleasure of his company was greatly impaired by his passion for knocking people down. And a person who thumped a bag of sovereigns on a table in a law court, exclaiming loudly that he understood justice was for sale there and that he should like to buy some, must have had a perverse interest in hot water for its own sake. Yet that part of his poetry which men will not willingly let die makes us think of the quiet and the luminous, of what has been called "the grace of stillness." The cliché holds good; not many poets have made so few words do so much. Nor was the chisel ever used to better purpose. It is not wonderful if men compare his lyrics with Ben Jonson's or that dozens of his aftercomers have labored in vain to acquire that "perfected touch."

Yet Mr. Sidgwick is quite right to point out Landor's strange unevenness. Dozens of his poems misfire, and in fact a number in this little book scarcely rise above doggerel and have only historical interest if they have that. It is noticeable that the points of many of the polemic epigrams have rusted away. Even cracks about verses "Languider than Lamartine's" or the hypnagogic effect of "Wordsworth's low coo" have lost their original tartness.

The reviewer thinks that Mr. Sidgwick might well have included many poems whose absence is almost shocking. Where are the noble lines to Robert Browning, as fine a compliment as one great poet ever paid another? Every other page of "Pericles and Aspasia" has incidental music, often at Landor's best and almost always better than some of the work to be found in this collection. One wonders on what principle "On Goethe's Epigrams," "A Back-Biter," "A Poet Sleeping" were chosen. Perhaps Mr. Sidgwick thinks we ought to catch Homer nodding now and then.

At any rate Mr. Sidgwick loves Landor and regrets that so few nowadays know him. If his anxieties are justified, then the creatures deserve it. For not to have grown aware of that delicate grandeur is its own pitiful reward. But what of it? For, as the old essayist would have put it, a couple of millennia hence, when English is what Sanskrit is today, beyond much doubt the eye of some student will lighten as, with a flash of intuition, he becomes conscious of passionate simplicity burning in every syllable of:

Mother I cannot mind my wheel.

Demure Singing Mouse

LOVE POEMS. By George Barker. New York: The Dial Press. 1947. 79 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

ONE of the most successful poems in this book is an untitled quatrain which might well be called "Variations on a Verse of Horace":

Striking my root and pinnacle asunder,
My mountain and my tree,
Love, like a lightning hammer of thunder
Sets my singing mouse free.

I call this successful because it is witty, because it is well ordered (*e.g.*, the chiasmus in the first two lines), because nothing is wasted, and because that demure singing mouse enforces just the right amount of sly humility by evoking the *ridiculus mus* of the original. Moreover, it might with perfect propriety serve as epigraph for these love poems, for it is strange enough, in its quasi-orphic way, to suggest the extreme strangeness of the longer poems. Mr. Barker has never been noted for his control; his motto is from Petronius: "the free spirit must be hurled headlong"; but if one keeps in mind the mouse, and the manner of its birth, one may not go wholly under in the fury that storms through these pages.

The most impressive section of the book is composed of four cycles of love poems, some speaking through the woman's voice, the majority through the man's. It is difficult to discuss these poems without the extended quotation for which I have no space, but it may be said that the technique is surrealist-metaphysical: the violent hurling together of unpredictable images whose symbolic value seems often hopelessly private. When these images cohere, true poetic excitement is generated: "My joy, my jockey, my Gabriel/Who bares his horns above my sleep/Is sleeping now"; or "The forked lightning, kicking/Its gold legs across the sky, /Tell you how once, between my knees/Fighting, you rose to die." Both of these passages are admirable; indeed, the second of them, with the brilliant and open imagery of the first two lines and the epigrammatic explosion set off by the pun upon the verb "die," is a minor triumph.

But when I encounter "Nightly to his archipelagoes where/Apples adorn the pillar, /My kiss of fishes moves in schools and bears/The body to him on a silver platter," I fear that I have lost the trail of the mouse and am astray in a great resonance. And that is not wholly unpleasant, either, for I prefer the least controlled resonances of Mr. Barker to the sterile piddling of so many of the younger poets: toy-makers, precious craftsmen,—*ridiculi mures,* in short. Yet it would be well, since Mr. Barker is obviously not a toy-maker, if he were to discard certain playthings: the too surprising distortion of language, the quaintness too arch ("The giddygoat and Cupid chase/All but Disney from the place"), all the bizarre paraphernalia which were better left to the use of a Kenneth Patchen or a Gil Orlovitz. He is too valuable a poet to be spending so much time in the nursery.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
HENRY V (RECORDRAMA). (Excerpts.) Laurence Olivier. Music by Wm. Walton. (Based on the film.) Victor M 1128 (4) $4.85 (*With notes, text.*)	Recorded in Europe. Good music-voice balance. Voice is bit on metallic side, otherwise OK. Climaxes very heavily recorded.	B+ to A—	(*See below*). This is not as effective as the simpler excerpts from "Hamlet" by Evans (*SRL* Jan 4). Too much music; confused continuity.
HANDEL, WATER MUSIC SUITE (ARR. ORMANDY). Phila. Orch. Ormandy. Columbia X 279 (2) $3	Much wider range than old Harty set—diff. is very noticeable. Some parts here unduly low-level. Liveness off a bit; orch. sounds at some distance.	A	Quite similar to old & celebrated Harty arr. (same 6 mvts. diff. order). Harty (C X 13) still a better performance. What about the other 14 mvts?
BACH, "WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER" BK. I, PRS. & FUGUES I-V. Dorothy Lane, harpsichord. Concord Recordings (Chi.) (*3 plastic*)	A good recording, with plenty of range, avoids over-metallic effect of some harps. recordings. A thin plastic, ev. not vinylite, made by RCA Victor for Concord.	AA (plastic)	Still another enterprising new company. The Lane Bach is well and musically played on smallish instrument A much-needed recording; pianists should study it. More to come.
DELIUS, WALK TO THE PARADISE GARDENS. Cincinn. S. Goosens. Victor 11-9493 (1) $1.	Much of it too low level for comfort. Good highs, though relatively attenuated.	B+	Lush cross betw. Sibelius and Debussy; pure British impressionism!
DUMAS, THE THREE MUSKETEERS (adapted by R. Rose). Errol Flynn, orch. etc. Columbia M 659(4) $5	Done like radio program—but strikingly wider range reproduction (on good machine) than AM radio allows.	A	Strictly radio-movie stuff, though well done within that style. May be useful for teachers, recalcitrant kids.

"HENRY V"

THE new "Henry V" Recordrama (above) is a noble disappointment. The recording, based on the Olivier film production, with the acting ability of Olivier and the music of Walton, was something that had to be done after the great success of the film. Many of us have waited with eagerness for this novel form of Shakespearean art.

The principal difficulty, among others more petty, is that "Henry V" on records is Shakespeare not second, but third hand. It is one thing to base a film on an historical play. It is another to deprive that film of the very advantages it had—action unlimited, pageantry, color, visual drama—reducing the story to more than its original dependence on the imagination, and still to expect this filmed version, truncated, blinded, to make dramatic sense. It doesn't.

Olivier's delivery, perfectly suited to the film, is at times forced and even melodramatic, heard "cold" on so much shellac. The rapid and confusing juxtaposition of unrelated excerpts is also a trial for the listener, and at this crucial point the bound-in notes are thoroughly confusing. Extensive, constant cuts in the recording seem not to be indicated in the printed text; the reader is thrown hopelessly off the track every few lines. Worse, much material not recorded is printed mixed in with that which is, with scarcely an indication as to which is which; in some cases the indications are flatly incorrect—several unexpected speeches are heard that never appear in the notes at all!

As for Walton's music I find it impressive but, on its own, unimportant, with one exception, the stunning setting of the "Agincourt Song" on the final side. The Battle of Agincourt is a confusing whirl of music with strange unintelligible sound effects obviously meant for some visual connotation.

Sorry to be a wet blanket on an enterprise that no doubt took immense effort and good will, but this is not "Henry V," unless as a reminder for those who have seen the film.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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the Phoenix Nest

ONE of the best "items" this Autolycus has recently acquired is a single copy of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* for January 1886, with the brown cover and brown stamped cover design of that period. This issue of the magazine went to its subscribers just prior to my own entrance into a peculiar world, on the second of the succeeding month; for I have no doubt that—not as today—the January number actually did appear in January, and not in the previous November! Little did I—or the *Century*—wot (if "wot" is still a word) that a quarter of a century later I would be a reader upon the magazine, in the same hallowed offices on Union Square. But I note that my old friend William Webster Ellsworth was even then the secretary of the company. And how was he to know that, after many years, I would finally persuade him against his better judgment to put the *Century* imprint upon my first book of poems?

Imprimis there is Houghton Mifflin. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with a new book "full of wise and curious thought," tops their page of titles. The "Life and Letters of Louis Agassiz" and John Fiske's "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge" (a sequel to his "The Destiny of Man"—both of which I have and value today) are particular titles, and Mr. Fiske's other books (not those of history) are also described. In those days Charles Scribner's Sons and Scribner & Welford were both at 743 Broadway, and their advertisements are on facing pages. The first Scribner title is a novel by William Waldorf Astor about the Borgias, called "Valentino" (a romantic work which I am fortunate enough to own, in good condition!) though they were also publishing much more solid books, by Schliemann the archaeologist and Hornaday the naturalist. Not to speak of "Lyrics and Other Poems" by Richard Watson Gilder, which the *New York Tribune* had called "refined, reflective, gentle, and perspicuous." Scribner and Welford specialized in new editions of old books or in limited editions. They advertised "A Journal Kept by Dick Doyle in the Year 1840." "The Complete Angler," the "Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson," and "An Elegant and Choicely Illustrated Edition" of "Gulliver's Travels"—though I cannot find out who the illustrators were. Cassell & Co., also on Broadway, had "A Superb Volume" on etching, and *The Magazine of Art* for 1886; while D. Appleton principally played up a new biographical series of "English Worthies," and the life and explorations of Lieutenant James Booth Lockwood of the Greely Expedition, in "Farthest North." Dodd, Mead offered "The International Cyclopedia," and A. C. Armstrong *The* [New] *Princeton Review,* with such names on the list of contributors as George Bancroft, James Russell Lowell, Noah Porter, Edmund C. Stedman, John Bach McMaster, Arthur Hadley, T. R. Lounsbury, and others. The Century Company itself headlined the life of William Lloyd Garrison as told by his children, and "The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles." Down in the Tennessee mountains, the artist Harry Fenn had been told by a native concerning his son, "If he hears me name *The Cen-t'ry* at supper-time, he draps his knife and fork, and I have to go for him with a stick to make him go to bed. Yes, sir, *The Cent'ry* is the only literater we uns go in fer." In the January number of *St. Nicholas* of that year, I learn from the book notes, William Dean Howells had his classic children's story "Christmas Every Day in The Year," which, together with his "The Pony Engine and the Pacific Express," were favorites to be "read aloud" in my childhood.

THE advertisements, though still literary, now become miscellaneous. There is one, from a publisher of books on houses, that has a small cut of a summer cottage which looks rather like the ambitious one my grandmother possessed at Sorrento, Maine, on Frenchman's Bay. Then there is *Gaskell's Compendium,* for one dollar, which shows the beautiful style of writing mastered by a Mr. J. P. Regan of Rockville, Connecticut (his portrait is shown with a snappy hair-do)—a loopy and heavily shaded style which I should not like to be caught dead attempting to emulate. Theodore B. Starr, by the way, was then on Madison Square.

The magazine text started with a "second paper" on, of all places "The City of Teherân," (with the circonflexe), and Henry James followed with an instalment of "The Bostonians." A poem by Celia Thaxter filled out the last page of that; and an article rather gruesomely illustrated, called "Feathered Forms of Other Days," must later have served (for we kept in the family a bound file of *The Century*) as the inspiration of some supposedly comic verses about the Archaeopteryx, the Hesperornis, and the Dodo, which I much later succeeded in selling to *Puck.* I remember that the illustrations by Will Crawford made the verses seem better than they were.

But I must not linger over the magazine contents, even though Helen Hunt Jackson contributed a poem and Joel Chandler Harris a story called "Trouble on Lost Mountain." I cannot even stop for General Pope's account of "The Second Battle of Bull Run," or the sixth instalment of "Recollections of a Private," in the Civil War series. As I remember, recollections by others, in that general field, were still going on when I joined the magazine.

I must even skip "Pears' Soap, A Specialty for Infants," which followed a department of light verse and other notions then known as "Bric-A-Brac," and announce that the Semi-Centennial Fair of the American Institute in New York had given its "Medal of Superiority" to the Hall Type-Writer, which sold for $40 (less than half the price of the Remington) and looked rather like an Archaeopteryx itself. I must further inform you that a Mr. Norton in Buffalo was selling a first-class telephone that represented "no infringement" but was designed to help you avoid the "exorbitant rental fees of the Bell Telephone Monopoly." It was advertised not only as "annihilating time," but as "preventing burglaries." Le Page's Glue was going strong, too, and there was a fascinating small cut of a lady and her baby, both in a "Universal Bath" (Centennial Award). Peck & Snyder was the place to go for roller skates, Smith & Wesson for a good .38, Burpee's for seeds, Baker's for Vanilla Chocolate and Breakfast Cocoa (ugh!). James Means advertised a three-dollar shoe; and a new electric burner for petroleum oil was "The Hickok Calcium." But the gem of the ads-in-the-back was that of the Weston & Wells Manufacturing Co., of Philadelphia, Pa. And I am reserving the sight of that for the world's greatest Bustle Authority, with whom I happen to be acquainted. Not merely bustles! Also the Health Braided Wire Dress Form—Indestructible! (And it looks it!) This was the precursor of all modern brassières, could be made small, medium, or large, weighed one oz., and retailed for seventy-five cents. Even D. Carter Moffat's Harness' Patent Ammoniaphone for Pulmonary Affections was mighty small punkins after that—and it left the Imperial Hair Regenerator just nowhere!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(Continued on page 38)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 37)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

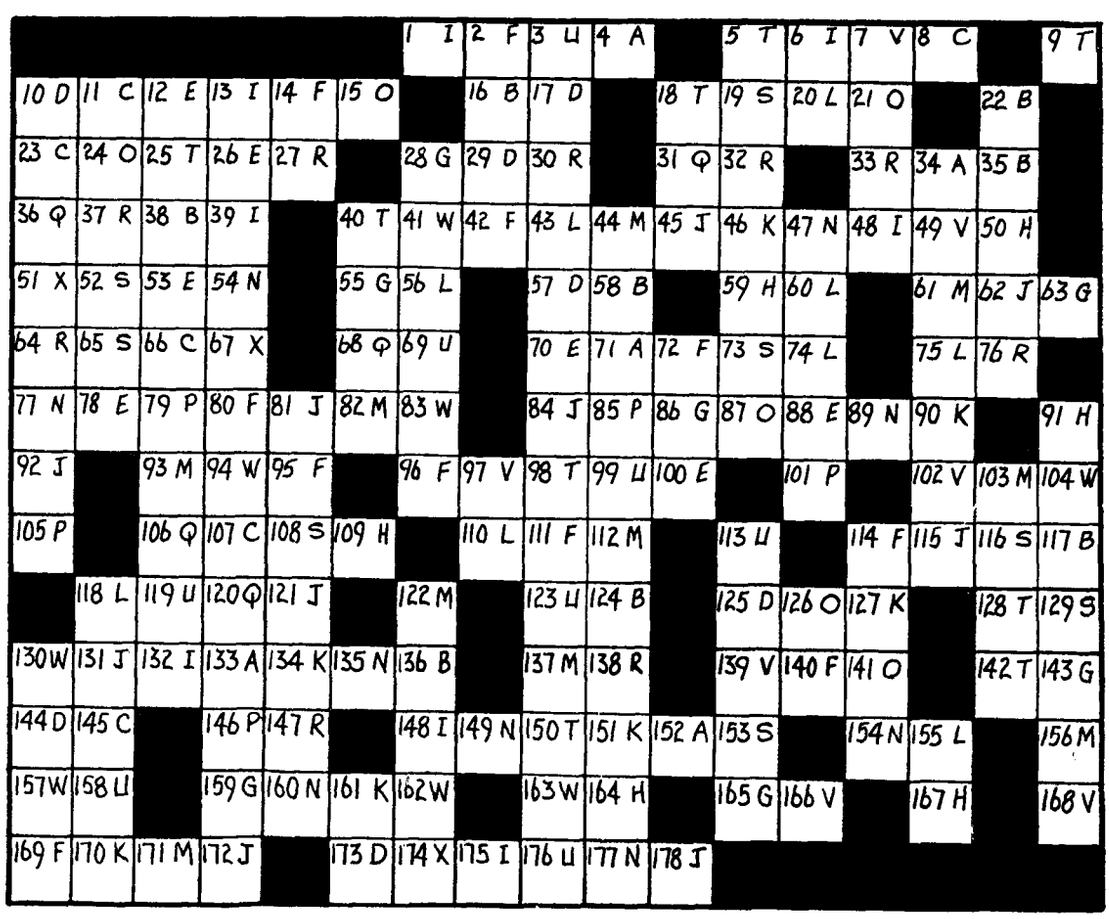
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American woman novelist in New York (1889-).	34 71 133 152 4
B. One of the bravest of the Greek commanders before Troy ("Troilus and Cressida").	117 22 16 124 35 136 58 38
C. A darting, local, momentary pain.	8 23 11 66 145 107
D. American woman sculptor (1887-).	10 29 17 173 57 144 125
E. First division of a sonnet.	70 53 88 78 12 26 100
F. Influential political tract by an American of English birth, 1791-2 (with "The").	169 111 72 2 42 96 80 114 95 14 140
G. Drunkenness.	63 159 143 165 86 55 28
H. Island off the Greek coast named for the mother of Aeacus by Zeus (Gr. Myth.).	167 164 50 91 109 59
I. Something final or elemental.	132 175 1 48 13 6 39 148
J. A nervous agitation due to suspense, excitement, etc.	172 178 81 131 121 45 62 115 92 84
K. Excessive corpulence.	161 134 170 46 151 127 90
L. Small food fish of excellent quality (So. Africa).	110 20 60 74 43 155 75 56 118
M. Foot of three syllables, short, long, short (Prosody).	171 112 61 156 122 137 44 103 82 93

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Opera by Verdi (1851).	77 154 149 160 89 135 47 54 177
O. A gypsy; language of the gypsies.	24 126 21 87 15 141
P. A division of the western Finns.	101 79 146 85 105
Q. Master; lord; pundit (India).	106 68 120 36 31
R. Resembling a certain succulent, marine bivalve, relished in the U. S.	76 138 64 33 27 147 37 30 32
S. Jewish leader empowered by Artaxerxes to rebuild Jerusalem (Bib.).	116 65 73 108 153 129 52 19
T. A recess in a room projecting outward from the wall in curved form (2 wds.).	142 150 5 9 40 98 128 25 18
U. Cemetery in Paris named for French Jesuit priest, confessor of Louis XIV.	176 3 99 119 123 113 158 69
V. A young tree of the genus *Fraxinus*.	139 166 102 7 97 49 168
W. Capital of Bessarabia, Rumania.	162 94 130 163 157 41 83 104
X. Again; afterwards (Archaic or poetic).	174 51 67

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean n o t h i n g. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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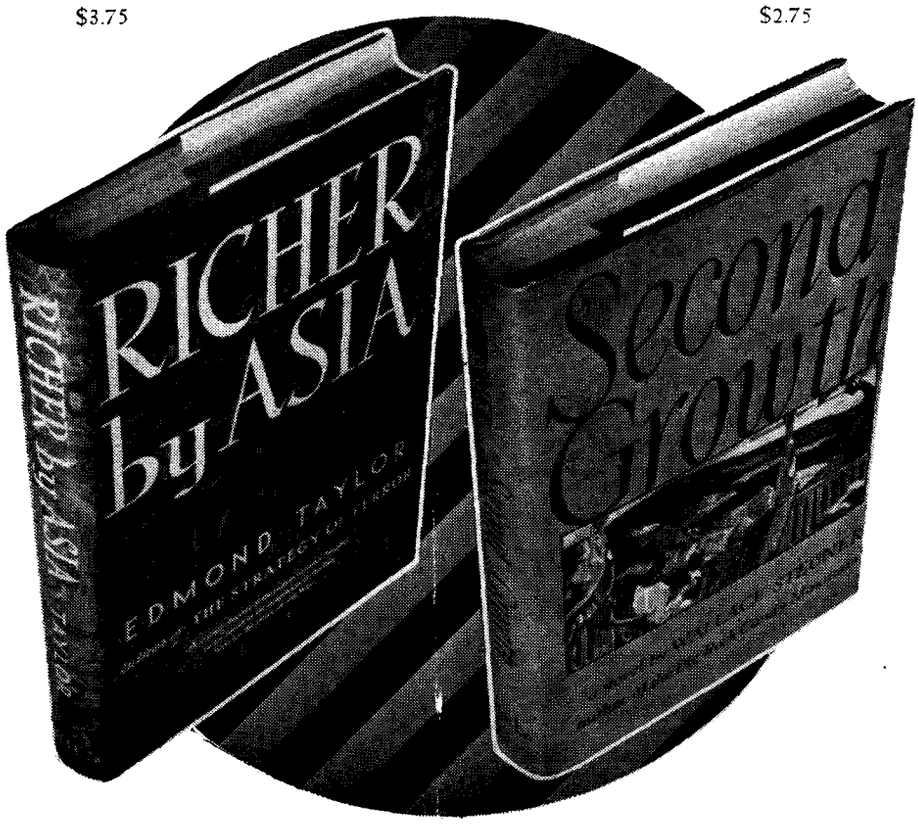

Ruth Benedict
Saturday Review of Literature

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